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FANCIES.

BY DELMADI.

I am thinking to-night of a ballad
I read in the days long ago,
Of a soldier who went forth to battle,
And left a wife weeping, you know;
And of how, when the battles were over,
He marched home all eager to see
The wife that he knew would be watching,
With her baby asleep on her knee.

Of how he came, smiling and happy,
And softly he tapped on the door,
Where his dear little wife and her baby
Had met him with kisses before;
How a stranger face appeared at the casement,
And told how his loved one had wept
And prayed for his coming, but yonder,
With her babe on her bosom, she slept.

I was thinking, I say, of that story,
So sad and so fearful to me,
And I thought—Oh, forgive, love, the fancy!—
How like to our story 'twould be;
For when you come back, safe and happy,
A watch o'er your dear one to keep,
I fancy that, down in some church-yard,
I shall be lying asleep!

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A NIGHT RIDE.

The long September twilight was fast deepening into darkness when Brooks broke from his captors and rode away at furious speed down the wide country road.

The cries of pursuit had an opposite effect to that intended. A jingle of swords and clatter of hoofs were heard in advance. Another body of cavalry was approaching, hastened by these shouts.

"Red Coats!" cried one of the American troopers. "A whole company of them!"

"Farewell, Sergeant Kerr, and many thanks for your kind care of my horse," shouted the fugitive, as he rode into the open ranks of the British troop.

A rattle of pistols followed this defiant speech. It was replied to by the British, who started at once in sharp pursuit. But the darkness had now deepened, the Americans were thoroughly acquainted with the roads, and in a very short time had dropped their pursuers out of sight and hearing.

The remainder of the troop, with the fugitive, rode up to Snyder's.

The commander of the cavalry, a short, boyish figure, dressed in a richly ornamented uniform, looked curiously at Brooks as they entered the circle of light.

There was a supercilliousness in his glance that rather nettled Brooks.

"What is the occasion of this pursuit?" he asked.

"I was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, from whom I have just escaped."

"On what grounds did they take you prisoner?"

"As a British spy."

There was a note of defiance in Brook's tone. The Captain turned away contemptously, and entered the door of the inn.

"One moment, sir," said Brooks commandingly, "will you be kind enough to inform me where Lord Howe is quartered in the city?"

"On High street, near Sixth," said the officer, without pausing or turning.

"Thanks for the information, and for your high-bred courtesy," Brooks cuttingly replied.

The officer gave a backward glance that was full of disdain.

"I do not respect your business sufficiently to waste courtesy on you" he coldly replied. "You have my protection. British officers do not make companions of spies."

Brooks bit his lip as the officer walked on into the house.

He turned, to encounter Letty Snyder, who had been a witness of this scene.

He walked up to her with outstretched hand.

"I have to thank you for my freedom," he said.

The buxom beauty failed to notice, or at least to take, his offered hand.

"You may thank Madge Lawson," she said.

"You have twice freed me from danger," he replied. "I cannot but be grateful to you."

"I tell you, then, sir, I would not have lifted a hand to help you on your own account," she cried, with compressed lips. "I am an American, body and soul, and despise your business. It is only that poor child of a Madge, who— But enough. We will not talk of that."

"It is well you have something to endure me for, Miss Snyder," he said, gravely. "I cannot forget your services, whatever their source. As for Miss Lawson, I pledge my life and all my powers in the effort to release her."

"You are better than your business, Allen Brooks," she answered with fervor. "Find her. Take her from the devils who have carried her off. Give them their deserts. Do this—and I will not refuse to shake hands with you."

A light laugh broke from Allen as he heard the climax of her speech.

"The devil is not half as black as he is painted, Miss Letty," he replied, as he descended the steps of the porch. "You are a whole-souled girl, and I shall make you offer me your hand yet."

The next moment he had mounted, and was riding briskly away into the gloom.

Letty looked curiously after him, until long after he was lost in the darkness.

"I do not know what to make of the man," she said, as if dissatisfied with herself. "I wish I had shaken hands with him. It wouldn't have hurt me, and might have helped him. Poor devil, he must get many a hard word, and I've my doubts if he's a Britisher after all."

"Do you know that man?" asked the officer, reappearing on the porch.

"Yes," said Letty, with a seeming sudden change of opinion. "That is Allen Brooks, the British spy. There's a price on his head, but there's not a rebel of them all can take or hold him. This is twice he has escaped them from this house."

"Twice!" said the Englishman, in surprise. "Then your inn must be a very weak prison, or your jailors must be very soft-hearted."

"The last, I fear," she said, with a low curtsey.

"Aha!" cried the young man, with a light laugh. "I judge you are not heart whole from this good looking spy. You have unlocked his prison doors?"

"For the cause he represents. Not for him," she replied, with dignity. "I do not like spies any more than you do, Mr. Officer."

"Captain Collins, at your service," said the officer, gaily. "I see you are on our side, and am glad to hear that you are fancy free. Can I not get you to enliven my solitary supper with your presence?"

"I have no objection to pour out your tea and butter your toast," she said, with her hearty laugh, as she followed him into the inn.

He did not see the look in her eye or the disdainful curl of her lip. Captain Collins was falling into more dangerous hands than he fancied.

While he was eating a frugal meal, with deceitful Letty Snyder as witness, Allen Brooks was riding rapidly towards the city, over star-lighted roads too familiar to him to render the darkness a trouble.

An hour or two later he was closeted with General Howe in his city quarters, a stately mansion on High street, the residence of a noted loyalist.

The main subject of their interview is not to our purpose. He seemed to be giving the British commander some important information, judging from the pleased expression of the latter.

"I have another item of interest to myself, and which I hope will intetest you," said the spy.

"Go on, Mr. Brooks," said Howe. "I find your items very interesting."

"This afternoon some men, dressed as English dragoons, but who I have reason to think were disguised, entered a house very near your lines, and carried off the daughter of the proprietor."

"They were not English, you think?" said Howe.

"I believe they were a party of villainous Tories,—as the rebels call them—led by one Captain Fitz."

"I have heard of him. Who was the girl?"

"A lady friend of mine. A Miss Lawson, daughter of a well-known loyalist."

"We must protect our own then," said Howe, with a smile. "And you have a tender spot for this young lady.

"She is my friend," replied Brooks, coldly.

"Yes, yes, I know what that means," said the General, with a good-humored laugh. "But what can I do for you in the case, Mr. Brooks?"

"They rode toward the city. Very likely they entered it, under cover of their disguise. They may have concealed their captive somewhere here."

"And what shall I do? Issue a description of the lady and the villains in general orders, with command to search and rescue?"

"It may be done rather more quietly," said Brooks, with dignity. "Have you no system of police or detection in the army?"

"Not much provision for cases like this," said the General. "I do not approve of such doings, however, and will use every effort to aid you. If I catch those rascals I shall cure them of girl-stealing for the next year."

"Make me one of your private detectives, then," said Brooks. "I know this villainous crew. Give me full power to come and go, and search every suspicious spot, and to call on your soldiers for aid if necessary."

"Rather a wide scope of powers, Mr. Brooks," said Howe.

"I will not abuse them. And it is not adding much to what I have already."

"Very true," said the General.

He drew paper and pens to himself, and wrote rapidly for a minute.

"There, will that serve your purpose?"

"Famously," replied Brooks, after closely perusing it. "I am exceedingly indebted to you, and if I should rescue the girl will bring her here to thank you."

"And will let me dance at the wedding?"

"Yes, and kiss the bride—when she becomes one," said Allen, laughing, as he carefully secured the important paper.

In a short time after he had taken his leave, and was again on horseback riding out High street.

A short half-mile brought him to what was then a suburban inn, very close to where the huge marble edifice, known as the Philadelphia Public Buildings, is now being erected.

It was known to citizens as the Lamb tavern, and the plentiful sprinkle of redcoats among the guests, showed plainly the new authority under which the city had fallen.

The lights from the tap-room shone out on the traveler as he rode up, and the active landlord came bustling out.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Brooks," he cried. "Put your horse up? I judge you're going to make a night of it with me."

"Is Gordon here?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, for an hour past. He is just now enjoying a mug of flip in the second-story back."

"Very well. Have my horse groomed. I will find him."

The old man in the second-story back put down his mug of flip rather suddenly as his room door was opened without ceremony, and Allen Brooks walked in.

"You soon got through your search," said the latter, eyeing him closely. "What luck did you have, sir? Are you on the track of the ruffians?"

"I declare, Mr. Brooks, you came in so sudden that you sent some of my flip the wrong way," said the old man, with a strangling cough.

"Did you learn anything?" asked Brooks, sternly, after waiting a minute for Gordon to recover.

"I rode down—the Ridge," said the latter, still coughing. "I asked at every house. Tracked them down to the edge of the British picket line. There they slipped me."

"Where was that?" asked Brooks, in an excited tone.

"Just about where Ninth street will cut Vine street, when they make their way out that far. They did not pass the pickets, or else the sentries lie."

"You passed them?"

"No trouble at all. The word you gave me did the work."

"All right, Gordon," said Brooks, suppressing the excitement and displeasure that seemed to affect him. "That's what you found out. Now tell me where they have gone."

"Towards the Schuylkill, I've a notion," said Gordon, sipping at his liquor. "There wern't a shadow of use hunting after dark. Wait till the sun is up to-morrow and we will track them. Bet they don't throw me."

"Don't you know, you old granny," cried Brooks, in a sudden passion, "that by morning they may be twenty miles from here. I will follow them by night and day, and search the country through till I rescue that girl from their villainous hands. You are too fond of your cup to keep your word." He angrily seized the mug and dashed the remander of the contents upon the floor. "We must to the saddle! We must ride all night, and rouse up every soul who may have seen them! I will die before I shall abandon Madge Lawson for a minute, in thought or deed."

"You will take a seat," said the old man, deliberately, "and cool your hot temper. See here!" He tossed aside the curtain from the window. "Do you notice the black cloud climbing up yonder and blotting out star after star? In ten minutes it will be pitch dark. You couldn't make two miles in that darkness in two hours. And you might take a sentry's bullet for company. Take my advice, sir. Get a night's sleep. You may trust me that they will not go far with the girl to-night. Nor in the morning either, I've a notion."

"Why! What do you mean?" asked Allen, eagerly.

"I mean this much. They wouldn't have rid down stream if their plans led up. They didn't go into the city. They have gone round the British lines and down somewheres into the Neck. It aint easy to cross the river there. I'll bet a cow they've got some hiding-place down thereaways, and I'll go a sheep to the back of it that I find them."

Brooks listened with deep interest. The reasoning of his companion seemed to strike him as very plausible.

"Is this all guess work, or do you know anything about their lurking plans?" he asked, seating himself, and looking Gordon earnestly in the face.

"I know that Jim Fitzpatrick had some crones down that way before the war. Who they were or where they lived is more than I can tell."

"But you can find out? Some one will know?" Brooks spoke with painful eagerness.

"Can't say that. The war has stirred up things and people so that there's many a good thing lost. The best we can do is to make a hunt on our own hook in the morning. If that is no use, I will go back to Chester county and see what can be found out. And now, Mr. Brooks, you go to bed. You're used up with work and excitement."

"And you?" said Brooks, curiously.

"Oh, I'll have a taste more of flip. My last somehow got spilt."

"I will order it up," said Brooks, smiling, as he left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

LETTY'S ULTIMATUM.

The search instituted by Allen Brooks and John Gordon on the succeeding day proved ineffective. The trail of the abductors was taken up at the point at which it had been dropped by Gordon on the previous night, and followed for half a mile in the direction of the Schuylkill, heading southwardly.

The few people who lived along the route were closely questioned, and several of them had seen such a party as that mentioned, riding at rapid speed, just after dark. One observer had noticed a woman in their company.

But beyond this point all trace of them was lost. The inhabitants became very few and far between, a scattered farm-house or shanty here and there being the only evidence of civilization.

These were successively visited, but no one had seen or heard aught of the passage of horsemen. The inquiry was carried far into the "Neck," or the tongue of land between the two approaching rivers, but with similar results. The whole day was spent in fruitless search and inquiry.

For two successive days Brooks kept up this diligent quest, with a nervous energy and a heart-sickness at his repeated failures which only a lover could have felt.

On the morning of the fourth day, despairing of success in this mode of search, he took the advice of his companion, sending him to Chester county to gain what information he could in reference to Fitzpatrick's former haunts and associates, while he himself concluded to make use of Gen. Howe's permit and extend his search to the city.

His first visit, however, was paid to Snyder's Inn, with the hope that Letty might have learned something of importance since the evening of his escape.

He found that the old inn-keeper, very little to his satisfaction, had a dozen British dragoons quartered upon him, outposts of the army in camp at Germantown. They were commanded by Captain Collins, the young officer who had taken so sudden a fancy for Letty.

The young lady in question was unusually gracious to Brooks, though he did not venture to offer her his hand again.

"There has nothing turned up about poor Madge," she said, feelingly. "I am much afraid, Mr. Brooks, that the desperate ruffians may harm her. Oh! if I could only get hold of that Captain Fitz! He should see that that there is an American girl worth two such rogues as him."

There was an angry set in her teeth and fire in her eye, and a muscular suggestiveness in the arm she extended, that removed from this threat any semblance of a boast. It looked as if the redoubted partisan would find his match in her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, how do they bear it?" asked Brooks, anxiously. "Is he badly hurt? Will it prove serious?"

"No. He is hurt more by worriment than anything else. And poor Mrs. Lawson, she goes about the house like a ghost. I hate to go near there, it is so sorrowful."

"I must go see them.—But no, I could only bring them bad news. You tell them that I will never give up till I rescue her and repay her villainous abductor for his deed, if it takes the remainder of my life."

There was the earnestness of a fierce determination in his words. The avenger as well as the lover was working within him now.

The impulsive Letty, despite her former refusal, now struck her hand energetically into his.

"You are a man Allen Brooks, if you were ten times a spy. I am with you. I am only a girl, but I've a notion that Captain Fitz would sooner have some men on his track."

Brooks clasped her hand firmly in his, as he looked admirably upon her vigorous frame and into her blooming, earnest face.

"I would not like to have you for an enemy of mine, Letty Snyder," he said.

They were interrupted by a bugle blast from down the road.

Through the early morning light, for it was just after daybreak, a trooper came riding furiously up to the house. He flung himself from his horse and ran into the inn, without a glance at the two who were holding their conference on the front porch.

At the same moment the air was filled with a terrible turmoil of sounds, the rattle of volleys of musketry, the roar of cannon, the dull sound of a distant conflict.

Captain Collins came rushing out into the open air, his face white, his manner hurried and nervous.

With quick, sharp commands his men were called up and their horses brought round from the stables.

"*Au revoir!* Miss Letty," he said, waving his hand with an assumption of courtly ease that sat ill upon him in his flustered state of mind.

"That would be a very pretty word if I understood French, Captain Collins," she said, with a shrug of her ample shoulders. "But what is wrong? What is all that uproar? Where are you riding so fast before breakfast?"

"To battle. To death maybe," said the young man, gravely. "Our forces at Germantown have been attacked. The rebels have driven in the pickets and surprised the main line. They have had a moment's advantage. But the cavalry will be there in ten minutes. The alarm has gone to Philadelphia and the whole line will soon be on the field. We will teach Washington and his enraged crew that surprises and night attacks don't take with the troops of his majesty."

"Eat a rebel or two, for my sake, Captain," cried Letty after him as he rode off. "You can take your courage for seasoning."

She turned to Brooks with a beaming face.

"Good news! good news!" she jubilantly cried. "Hurrah for Washington and his merry men! Waken up in there, daddy Snyder. Our side have attacked the British! They are driving them! Don't you hear the music of the cannon? Oh! don't I hope they may drive them out of Philadelphia, and back to where they come from. —But I forgot. You are not on our side."

This was said half in apology, half defiantly. An amused smile came upon her companion's face.

"Go on, Miss Letty," he said. "Don't fear you can't hurt my feelings. I have been through all that; and the British blood is not so very red in my veins."

She looked at him with a dubious, questioning glance, and seemed about making some observation.

But now a gust of wind brought the sounds of the battle with redoubled freshness to their ears. The girl seemed to drink them in with a joy alien to her woman nature.

"They are our guns!" she cried, enthusiastically. "It is liberty against slavery. Every shot is a nail in King George's coffin. Hear them, Mr. Brooks! hear the roar of American cannon. You are an American born. You cannot be a traitor to your country and hear that. Your countrymen are fighting and dying for their rights."

Brooks stood with dilated nostrils and suffused cheek. He drank in the sounds of the battle like one thirsting to take part in the fray. He stood a minute in silence after she ceased speaking, while the distant roar of the combat was borne in successive waves to their ears. He then turned to Letty, who was looking with hopeful eagerness into his face, and said:

"I am Allen Brooks, the British spy. There is a price on my head. Yonder come friends of yours who would hang me like a dog. Good-bye, Letty. Remember we are comrades in one cause, at least, that of the rescue of Madge Lawson."

"And the hanging of Captain Fitz," she called vigorously after him as he rode briskly away.

She turned quickly to notice the approach of those who had been discerned by his alert senses when only confused sounds filled her ears.

Now the sound of hoofs and the jingle of cavalry equipments were close at hand. A company of American dragoons was riding rapidly up to the inn.

As it approached the house, the leader drew aside and permitted the troop to ride by.

"Who was that just rode from the house?" he asked sternly.

"I am not a dragoon, Captain Conrad, to be commanded," she replied, with a burning cheek.

"You are foolish, Letty, and so am I," he said, more heartily, "for I to be jealous, and you to be angry. Let the fellow go. I don't care who he is."

"It is Allen Brooks, the spy," she answered, more softly.

"Brooks! What brings him here?"

"The poor fellow is still after Madge Lawson."

"Aha! She is not found yet, then? But I must after my troop. We are going into battle, Letty. Have you no kind adieu for me?"

"Yes," she cried, descending the porch, and taking his hand in hers. "Fight like an American soldier, and come back to me covered with the glory of having struck a hard blow for your country."

"Or dead in my country's cause, Letty."

"Then I will bury you, and weep over you," she said cheerily, but with eyes full of tears.

"Will you not give me a word of comfort to sustain me in the battle? Say that I may claim this hand as mine if I come back safe and in honor?"

The voice was low and eager. There was a fervid light in his eye as he looked deeply into hers.

She softened in manner, but drew back with a look of resolution.

"I have made a vow to myself, Captain Conrad," she said. "My dearest friend is a captive. She is in the hands of a crew of villainous cut-throats. You talk of loving me. Prove it by rescuing her."

"And then—"

"Oh! you are a regular pest. Bring her back to me, safe and sound, and then—"

"Then Letty Snyder will consent to become Letty Conrad," he said, stooping from his saddle and imprinting a resounding kiss on her red, consenting lips. "I shall come back safe from battle, Madge Lawson shall be rescued and you shall keep your word."

There was a happy light on his face as he rode joyfully away, going into battle with the heart of a bridegroom.

And Letty Snyder looked after him in a reverie that suffused eyes, lips and cheeks with the light and hue of happiness; a reverie that shut out the roar of battle from her senses.

Yet still that roar of battle waxed, as was fought that luckless field of Germantown in which the fates seemed to be against Washington's success.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMONG THE CORN.

It was three days after the battle of Germantown before Gordon returned from his trip in search of information respecting Captain Fitz.

Brooks had spent this interval in anxious but unavailing search. The poor fellow was in the deepest misery, and knew now what he could scarcely have been said to have known before, that he loved Madge Lawson with all the force of his nature.

She was not confined in the city, that he was satisfied of. He was just as sure that she had been concealed by her captors somewhere in the suburbs, and he waited the return of his messenger with an impatience that was growing unbearable.

It was early on the third day that Gordon met him at a previously appointed locality and gave him some information that lit up his careworn face wonderfully.

"You are sure of this?" he earnestly asked.

"You have it as I got it," was Gordon's reply. "It looks like the thing, anyhow."

"I will soon test it," was Brooks' energetic answer.

"But not as you are," said Gordon. "Fitz

THE BOY KICKED AND YELLED AS PEIRCE DRAGGED HIM TOWARDS THE CRIB.

will recognize you in a minute. It would not be safe for you to fall alone among the gang."

"Are you not going with me?"

"No: I would spoil everything. Every man of them knows me at sight. If I could disguise myself, now, like you. You can change yourself so that your father wouldn't know you."

"Well thought of, Gordon. I will try it in disguise."

"Do you know that a reward has been offered for the capture of Captain Fitz?"

"Ah! how much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"As much as they place on my head," said Brooks, smiling. "I hope it will stir up some scouting party to take him."

"McLane's men are on the look out. Captain Conrad swears he will have him."

But we must leave them to their conversation and turn our attention to another of our characters, whom we have too long neglected.

It was at a later hour of the same day that a small boy was seated on the fence of a corn-field far down in that locality known as the "Neck."

At some distance on the other side of the field rose the brick walls of a substantial farmhouse, surrounded by a comfortable colony of outbuildings.

The urchin was lustily whistling, and running his fingers busily through his shock of dust-colored hair.

His whistling invocation called up other game than he looked for, the figure of a man dressed in half-military style, and wearing the cocked hat of an American soldier, who suddenly appeared before him.

The sandy whiskers and freckled face proclaimed him no less a personage than our our friend, Perce Brown.

"Hallo, youngster," he said, in a patronizing tone. "Ain't you afeared you'll break your whistle?"

The boy looked up with a saucy grimace.

"I don't know as it's any of your concern," he said.

"You're peart, boy," said Perce. "Live about these diggins?"

"Yes, make my living hoeing this tarnal old corn-patch."

"Whose farm is it?"

"Jerry White's."

A look of satisfaction came upon Perce's face at this reply.

"Lives over yonder, in the big brick?" he asked, pointing with his thumb.

"Yes, when he's about."

"About now, boy?"

"I calculate he is. Taint an hour since he give me a clout alongside the head, and sent me a shining to the cornfield."

"It don't seem to have hurt your feelings much," said Perce, surveying the boy closely. "Any company up at the house?"

"Cou'ny! Guess old Jersey's too mean to do much in that line."

"You lie, you young rogue. You know he has strange men there every week."

Perce spoke fiercely, taking the boy's arm in a strong grip.

The latter looked up with an expression of the deepest innocence, and drawled out:

"Pears you know a good deal about it. I dunno."

"Will this help your memory?" said Perce, releasing him, and displaying a soiled piece of Continental currency.

The boy looked at it greedily.

"Jist tell me what you want me to say," he enthusiastically remarked "I'll dish it out."

"You'll lie like a trooper, you villain. I can see it in your eye," said Perce sternly.

"It'll be the gospel truth I'll tell," said the boy, energetically. "Who is it you're scouting for?"

"Some very particular friends of your masters," said Perce, eyeing the boy closely. "Captain Fitz and his men."

A shrill cry that could easily have been heard at the house was the boy's only answer. It seemed given as a signal, for at the same instant he rolled from the fence into the adjoining field, picking himself up and darting through the growing corn towards the house.

Quick as he was, however, Perce was not to be taken aback. Laying one hand on the top rail he leaped agilely over into the field, and pursued the flying youngster, who had just given vent to another yell of warning.

Rapid as were the lad's movements he was no match at a race with his pursuer. Before the field was half crossed he felt the iron grip of the latter on his arm, and a shrewd box on the ear admonished him that silence just now was prudence.

"You tricky little rogue. I'm a mind to tie you hand and foot and leave you here for the crows," cried Perce.

"I didn't mean nothing, only you skeered me," said the boy whimpering.

"Isn't Captain Fitz in the house now?" asked Perce, tightening his grip. "Wasn't you put here on the lookout? Wasn't your yell a signal for them to make tracks?"

He looked keenly in the boy's face, but the young reprobate was an old hand at his game.

"Dunno what you mean," he whimpered, "You jist let me go. I'll tell Jerry White on you, and if he don't pay you out for th—"

The boy's eloquence was suddenly stopped.

There rose before them on the edge of the field a corn-crib full of its golden store.

"Guess I'll leave this kid in there," said Perce, reflectively. "Can't hear his squalling at the house."

The boy kicked and yelled as Perce dragged him toward the crib. But his struggles were of little avail. In a minute he was flung in upon the heap of corn.

The scout had already observed that the crib was strongly built, with a close door, and with a strong prop beside it.

Setting the prop firmly into the ground he braced it against the door, tightly enough to defy the efforts of the prisoner to open it.

"Now yell yourself blue, you youthful reprobate," said Perce, turning away from the screaming captive. "I am going up to call on Jerry White, and if I catch you near the house I'll pitch you into the well, sure."

The crib was removed an unusual distance from the house; not too far for the lad's cries to be heard, though Perce did not seem to care much for that.

"Hope it will take the folks down after corn," he muttered, "and leave me clear ten minutes to investigate Jerrys' establishment.

Stealing up behind the great barn, and around by an adjoining couch-house he came in view of the front of the house.

It had a slightly deserted look, which might have been accounted for by the sound of distant hoes, that met his quick ear.

"Bet they've took fright and made tracks," he muttered. "But they must have gone alone. They would not have ventured in broad daylight on such a dangerous risk."

Stealing in at the open front door of the house, and looking stealthily around him, he moved rapidly through the passage and up the broad flight of stairs before him.

There was no one visible, though sounds as of the presence of women came from the rear of the house.

He continued up to a third story that was built over the front portion of the house.

This, like the lower floors, was divided into two portions by a passage-way. There were two doors on one side of this passage, and one on the other.

He stood, looking around him critically for a moment.

"This is it," he said, indicating the single door to the left. "If she is there I will bring her out, though all Howe's army stood between."

He carefully turned the knob of the door. To his apparent surprise the portal opened. It was not locked, as he had seemed to suppose.

A quick, disappointed glance shot through the room. Every detail of its somewhat scanty furniture was taken in. A shade of gloom settled on the scout's cheerful face.

"Can it be that I am deceived?" he said.

He suddenly sprang forward. Something had attracted his eye. In an instant he had in his grasp a slender bow of red ribbon.

"It is hers," he eagerly cried. "And here are muddy footprints at the door! They have been here! They have taken her off with them, risky as it was. I have holed my fox only for him to give me the slip again."

He was interrupted by the opening of one of the opposite doors, and the appearance of the farmer, a rugged faced, villainous-looking man.

"Hallo, stranger!" he roared, staring Perce fiercely in the face. "Where in the blazes did you drop down from?"

"I am on the search for deserters," said Perce, with his rustic twang. "I have tried every house in the neighborhood, and now am going through yours."

"I'd have you know that no man goes through my house without a pass from me," cried the farmer angrily.

"He lies! It's Captain Fitz he's after," screamed the boy, who had somehow got loose. "Go for him, Jersey, he's a spy!"

The burly farmer faced Perce with a dangerous look.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SLEEPER.

BY ANON.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do.
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim, faded track.

Her soul is far away
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gloom of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

JUDGE BALCOM'S HARVEST.

BY JAY J. SARGENT.

"Not another word from you on this subject! My mind is made up to the alternative which I have offered you, and you may choose here and at once, sir!"

"Father, consider a moment. I—"

"Silence! It is you who must consider; and you will do well to remember what I have said, before you make a decision. No amount of argument can convince me, sir, that Miss Warriner is a suitable match for my son; or that my son can either prosper in or ornament the trade of a machinist—bah!"

"You would have me become a banker's clerk, then?"

"Until you rise by merit. You have talents, sir!"

"Perhaps; but only to be laid away in a napkin, if I yield to your wishes!"

"Bosh! You will soon see the wisdom of my course in selecting your career, and thank me for dissuading you from machinery. As for Miss Warriner, you must give her up at once; you are both too young to think of matrimony."

"We do not intend to hurry matters, sir."

"No. I rather think you won't, if you realize what's good for you!"

"But I cannot give her up, entirely. She—"

"Silence, I say; We have already discussed this matter too long. Choose at once—my home and fortune to aid you in an honorable business career, minus Miss Warriner, or the debasing trade of a machinist, minus my home and my money. Which will you?"

There was a long pause as Judge Balcom settled in his easy chair and surveyed the young man before him with a cold, stern look of determination. The young man was three-and-twenty, a handsome specimen of perfection in physical manhood, with clear blue eyes, regular features, and of attractive address, no doubt, under favorable circumstances. There was, however, an element of indecision in his nature, and it was asserting itself in the rapid quiver of the lips, as his eyes fell to the floor and his fingers toyed nervously with his watch-chain before the steady gaze of the hard-eyed Judge.

The French clock on the marble mantle ticked painfully clear and distinct to the ears of young Robert Balcom, and the silence grew oppressive. It was an "intense" moment in his life; his future lay before him on two roads—one garnished with comparative ease and wealth, the other full of labor and only the earnings of a trade; but, still, a trade to which his tastes and talents were allied by nature, and in which he might hope to rise to an honored position. The dark-eyed girl who had captured his heart stood in the scale of "trade" —a girl in every way worthy of him; but, in the other scale were many bags of gold, and his father's honorable name. There was cause for some indecision.

"Well, sir!"

The voice of Judge Balcom broke the stillness with a grating rasp that made the young man start. A flush of resolution suffused his face, and for a moment his blue eyes lighted up ominously.

"Are you prepared to decide, sir, on the terms I have offered you?"

The resolution in the young man's countenance faded slowly away, and his voice faltered slightly as he said:

"I believe I am. You hold the balance of power, and I yield to you."

"Sensible to the last! You have done well;" and the Judge's face relaxed into a pleasant smile.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said the son, slowly. "I will enter upon the career you have marked out for me, and shall endeavor to honor you as my father; but, mark me, if I fail, the responsibility lies with you. Nature—taste and talent, as you call it, each cry out at the sacrifice!"

"Pshaw! Boyish notions and fiddle-de-dee! As for the responsibility of any failure on your part, if you do half your duty, I'll willingly shoulder it all. Go, now, and announce your decision to enter the Bank. I'll attend to Miss Warriner myself."

"Excuse me, but I prefer to see her and—"

"And fall in love again! Ridiculous! Go to the Bank at once, sir, while your common sense has the upper hand."

The young man turned away and opened the door of the library, which had been locked during the interview. As he did so, the music of a feminine voice floated through the spacious hall from somewhere up the broad staircase, singing to the sweet accompaniment of a guitar—

"Return, my heart! no clouds shall hover
In the sunny sky of Love;
Tried and true shall be thy lover,
Constant as the stars above.
Son, O never
Never never
Ties that reach across thy waves!"

The closing lines of an old ballad, set to a sad and tender melody, and the music fell upon the ear of Robert Balcom like a wail of sorrow. He paused upon the threshold of the library, gnawing his nether lip until the blood came, his face pale and flushed by turns, and his heart full of fire. Perhaps he would have turned back to revoke his decision in a moment more; but, just then, the hand of the old Judge pulled a bell-cord, and to the servant who quickly entered by another door, the command was given:

"Send Miss Warriner to me at once."

And with a muttered exclamation, the young man suddenly seized his hat from the hall-tree and dashed out of the house.

"Fool that I am—perhaps!" he muttered, as he hurried along the street. "But if *he* will sow the whirlwind, let him take care of the harvest! I am both a fool and a tool, I fear."

An hour or so after his departure, a carriage drew up before the stately mansion of Judge Balcom; a trim little figure tastefully attired, but wearing a veil that concealed her features, descended the steps and hastily entered the carriage, bearing in her hands a guitar. Two trunks were strapped on behind by the servants of the mansion, the driver re-mounted his box, and the vehicle drove away toward the railroad station. The head of the carriage occupant fell upon her hands, then, and tears, blinding and hot, flowed from dark eyes all unused to weeping. Ada Warriner, the pretty governess in Judge Balcom's elegant home, had departed to return no more.

Eight years later, and a dark, stormy night in the month of August. The day had been one of unusual sultriness, and late in the evening a heavy thunder-storm had set in, the rain falling in blinding torrents and the lightning, accompanied by heavy thunder, being absolutely terrific. The patrolmen of the city huddled in the hallways, out of the storm; no pedestrians were to be met with on the streets, and as the hour of midnight drew near, few lights were to be seen from the buildings,—especially from those on State street, where many large mercantile houses were situated.

The patrolman of the "beat" near the rich —— Bank, saw, only one "glim" as he peered out from his dry retreat in an adjacent hallway, and that came from the bank building itself—a faint, wavering glimmer of light that proceeded from the window of the cashier's apartment in the palatial structure. As it was not an unusual sight, the guardian of the night paid little attention to it, but dozed on the stairs of his retreat, wrapped in a heavy "storm-muffler."

Up in the cashier's room we will go, there to find a man, some thirty years of age, seated in an easy chair before a writing-table, his elbows resting on the table's edge, and supporting his head between the elevated hands. His eyes are fixed upon a sheet of delicate note-paper lying open in front of him, on which are traced a few lines in a feminine hand. Let us look over his shoulder, and read:

"ROBERT:—I returned last night; and must see you immediately. Call at No. 84 Forrest Avenue, and come prepared as usual, or—
KATE."

The eyes of the cashier were fixed, as we have said, upon this note, but the blankness of their look showed that the mind was lost in reflection. The clock in the great tower close by sounded the hour of midnight, at last, and broke in upon his reverie. He seized the note, crushing it in his hand with a half-suppressed oath, and then burned it in the gas-jet above his head. Then he rose from the chair, produced a small dark lantern from a sideboard near at hand, lighted it, and opening the door that communicated with the Bank proper, disappeared in the direction of the great vault.

A little later, and with the keys he always carries, Robert Balcom has opened and entered the "fire and burglar-proof" vault of the rich concern in which he is a leading officer. In various drawers and chests round him lay thousands upon thousands of dollars in coin and bills. Selecting a certain drawer he opened it with a peculiar key, and took therefrom a great roll of bills. Setting down his lamp, he rapidly counted off a large number, replaced the remainder, relocked the drawer, and finally the vault itself. Placing the bills in a pocket of his coat, he once more re-entered his private office, and from thence till the gray dawn of morning, he was strangely busy with the *books* of the Bank.

At about nine o'clock in the evening of the next day, a close carriage drove up to the rear door of a fine brick dwelling on Forest avenue, which bore the No. "84," and as it came to a halt, a young man hastily dismounted and ran into the court-yard, as if anxious to escape observation. The vehicle then drove away.

In the parlor of the mansion, an elegantly attired woman was awaiting the new-comer—a woman not more than twenty-eight, *petite*, yet full in figure, and of wonderful beauty. She was seated before the piano, drumming carelessly upon its keys; but when the servant announced the visitor who had chosen such a retired mode of entrance, she quickly left the instrument, and turning the gas-jet low, glided into a dark corner of the apartment.

The new-comer entered, and the door closed tightly behind him. In the twilight shadow of the room, she was at first invisible to his eyes, and he called:

"Kate!"

"Robert!"

And a pair of plump white arms encircled his neck from behind, ere he could turn about. He clasped her in his arms, and held her thus a moment, her head upon his breast.

"Beautiful siren,—devil, or what you will,—and yet I love you!" said he, passionately. "Iron bars are as straws to the fetters you have forged upon my soul!"

There was an undertone of bitter regret in his words, despite the fervent manner of delicacy and close embrace.

"*Am* I a siren, you wicked fellow, in that I have seduced your heart into allegiance to me and mine?" She said softly, without raising her head from his bosom.

"Ay; but not that alone; you have won not only my heart, but my character, my once good name, my wealth," he replied, slowly. "You are a strange creature, Kate. I sometimes think you are playing the cat—dallying with the mouse only to destroy at last! By the eternal, you had better not!"

He tried to lift her bowed head to his own handsome features, but she suddenly sprang from his side, and the room echoed with her cold, defiant laugh. With one quick movement she turned the gas on to a brilliant head, and then whirled about in front of him, her dark eyes flashing.

"Do you know me, *to-night*, Robert Balcom?" she cried, as with one move of the hand she threw the long auburn tresses from her head and flung them to the floor, revealing beneath a wavy mass of jet black hair. "Have you forgotten me?"

He stared at her with dazed eyes, then staggered backward with clenched teeth and white lips.

"Great Heaven! Ada Warriner, as I live!"

"And what I am, I owe to you, Robert Balcom!" she almost hissed. "It is not strange that, when we met one year ago, you did not know the once pretty governess of your father's house. My sufferings from the hour when I was turned from your parental door, because *you* had not the honor or the courage to stand by me in my trial,—my bitter, bitter sufferings were fully sufficient to alter a pretty face or a tender voice. Five long years I kept myself retired, nursing my wrongs and wrath, waiting for my hour to come. Nature, kindlier than humanity, restored my beauty with increased measure, and when I learned your position in the world, I sought you out, determined on reprisals. You noted a 'strange resemblance' in me to a former lady friend, you said, on more than one occasion; those auburn curls deceived you, and you had, man like, forgotten. I used every art and blandishment to win your love; this done, to win your money—the wealth you had gained when you sent me adrift eight years ago. I have succeeded well—beyond my hopes even. You madly adore Madame Kate Revere, the adventuress; you have lavished all the wealth available upon her. Her slightest wish has been gratified, her purse is never empty. *You have robbed the bank for her* time and again, concealing the crime, for the present, by altering the books! One word of mine, and you are in a felon's cell—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

White as death, but with eyes lurid and lips quivering, Robert Balcom staggered into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

"You are engaged, I hear, to the millionaire Howard's daughter, and a grand wedding is in prospect—a marriage for *gold*." Her voice was terribly bitter. "Before God, if not the law of the land, you are my husband, and you love me only. If you wed her—"

"Stop, devil that you are!" he gasped. "Name your price for eternal silence!"

"You think this is a case of blackmail," said she, with inexpressible irony.

"Worse! You have me wholly in your power, with truth to protect you," he said, abjectly. "I confess my sins; the punishment is just. I only ask to purchase your silence, or I am forever ruined before the world."

"Indeed! And *I?*"

He sank down again without reply.

"Money—you offer me money for that which all the diamonds of the earth could not buy, save on one condition.

"And that condition?" he said quickly, clutching at even a straw.

"Make me your wife in the eyes of the law."

With a groan he sank back in the chair.

"I—I cannot—now," he stammered, tugging at his throat as if a serpent were coiled there. "You ask too much—too much!"

"You have sown the whirlwind, Robert Balcom," said she, steadily, and with a sudden resolution in her tone, "and you must reap the harvest. Life is nothing to me beyond this."

He heard a sharp, metallic "click!" close by, and looked up with a startled air. The cold, glittering barrel of a small revolver was pointed directly at his brow! Behind it, a pair of dark feminine eyes glowed in icy resolution, and the hand that held the deadly weapon trembled not a whit. Involuntarily he threw up his hands.

"Fiend! what would you do?" he cried.

"Obtain justice. Promise me that, or—"

With a sudden spring and a smothered oath, he seized her extended hand and endeavored to wrest the weapon away. A short, frantic struggle—a sudden flash—a dull report—and the form of the woman sank heavily to the floor.

With bated breath and swimming eyes, Balcom dropped the smoking weapon and bent over the prostrate form. The crimson tide was issuing slowly from a little orifice in the white neck, and her heart was still beneath his touch. He raised the beautiful head to his knee, and madly chafed the cold temples and pulseless wrists, but without avail. He placed the inanimate form upon a sofa, and reached out his hand to ring for assistance. But his fingers never touched the bell-cord. Like a stroke of lightning there came to his throbbing brain a full realization of the awful peril of his position. Who would believe it to have been an accident? What explanation could he make?

With a mad cry, muffled and hoarse, he seized his hat and dashed from the apartment, while behind him the sound of gathering servants came to his ears. Out into the black night, his brain benumbed and breath labored and short—away, anywhere from the awful scene, the fugitive was fleeing.

State street was all excitement the next morning. The walks were blocked with crowds of nervous, excited men, on whose lips one sentence seemed to hang continually:

"The —— Bank has suspended!"

"Impossible!" said a new arrival.

"It's true," was the response. "Balcom, the cashier, has absconded with thousands of dollars of the money on deposit, and it has been ascertained that he has been concealing heavy defalcations for some time past, so that the bank must suspend until the losses can be learned and made good—if that is possible."

"That is the result of making a young, unsteady man cashier, because his father happens to be the heaviest stockholder, eh?"

"Exactly; and the old gent is the largest loser, I hear. He is about frantic this morning."

Far and wide the detectives sped for the fleeing man, and at last he was caught and brought back. In a narrow, gloomy cell the trembling father met his ruined son face to face.

"Reproaches are of no avail," said the son, as he gazed blankly upon the iron bars that surrounded him. Then, fiercely: "A murderer, perhaps—a thief, surely—to whom do I stand indebted for these honors? To *you*, my father, mainly, for you wrecked my start in life! And not only mine, but *hers!* Alas! that it is so; you meant it for my good, no doubt, but it has proved my ruin. We have sowed the whirlwind—how do you like the harvest?"

The fires of insanity glowed in his terrified eyes, and the weeping parent turned away. They did not place the "ignominious handcuffs" upon Robert Balcom that night, and when morning came in, rainy and drear, the law was cheated of its prey. Weak to the last, he had perished by his own hand!

HETTY'S HERO.

BY GRACE JEWELL.

"Oh! by-the-by, Hetty," said Frank Stevens, turning around in the doorway as he was going out, "I forgot to tell you that it is capital skating in Gray's pond now: I was down there myself to-day, and it hasn't been better this winter. The ice was just crowded with people; won't you go with me to-morrow and try it?"

"Oh! I shall be delighted!" cried Hetty, joyously, "you know I love to skate so much." Then as Frank turned away with a "Thank you," and say "*au revoir*," she bit her lip and stamped her little foot impatiently. "Bother! why did I consent so readily to go with him? Now he will think that it is his company I care for, but it isn't! It's the skating, so there! I always did enjoy it," she said, in a convincing tone, then, as she glanced out of the window and her eyes rested on the tall, manly figure walking down the road, her mood changed into a gentler one. "I do like him," she acknowledged softly to herself. "He is my ideal in all respects, but one. He is not a hero, and I have said that I would never marry a man who was not one."

For Hetty Moore was a romantic girl, and her pretty little head contained many strange fancies. Among them was the idea that no man was entitled to the name of *man* until he had performed some noble act or heroic deed, like the knights of old, and she determined that no one who had not done so, should ever obtain her love, or even, respect.

About six months previous to the opening of our sketch, a cousin of her dearest friend, Alice Stevens, had taken up his abode for a time in the quiet country town to recuperate his lost strength, which had been expended in laborious study for his profession, law.

The two girls being together so much, Hetty was often in Frank's society, and soon entertained for him the highest esteem, and as his attentions became more marked, (for the admiration was mutual,) with dismay she found herself cherishing a warmer feeling for him than friendship.

With dismay, I say, for she had discovered that Frank was not a *hero*.

For one evening, in returning from a picnic with him, they had taken a short cut across lots, and had nearly reached the other side, when a ferocious bull chased them, and what did Frank do but *run!* Yes, actually grasped Hetty's arm, and hurrying her on, ran from the approaching danger.

Bah! a pretty hero, that! She thought. *she* would have had him turn about and face the enemy for her sake, even if he fell in the conflict, so much the more honor. But no, they beat an ignominious retreat, and reached the fence in safety. Hetty was very cool and dignified all the way home, much to the surprise of her companion, who did not think that he had done anything different from what another would have done in his situation.

Hetty resolved that after that she would have nothing more to say to him, but she soon found to her chagrin that her resolve had been quite useless; she cared for him as much as ever.

He continued his visits, and if she received him a little coolly at first, the feeling soon wore off, although the unfortunate circumstance of that summer's evening was always rankling in her memory. It was as Frank was leaving, after one of these calls, that he obtained Hetty's consent to accompany him to Gray's pond on the following day.

Miss Hetty looked very pretty as she came down stairs arrayed in a skating costume of dark blue, with a jaunty blue velvet hat set lightly upon her golden curls, and Frank thought so, too.

She bounded into the room, her eyes sparkling with anticipation of indulging in a favorite pastime. They set out, and soon reached the pond, which they found already thickly dotted with skaters. Hetty's skates were soon on, and she was up and away before Frank could rise from his knees, in which humble position he had been while assisting her. She threaded her way out and in among the bright company, stopping a moment here and there to exchange a gay word or laugh with an acquaintance, then on again.

Frank lost sight of her for a time, then at last he caught a glimpse of the fluttering golden curls and blue dress, and started toward them.

"Let us join hands, Hetty, and skate together," he said as he reached her, and they were soon moving gracefully along, side by side, followed by many admiring glances. "What a handsome pair!"

"What a splendid couple!" were the comments upon all sides.

As for Frank, he was in the seventh heaven, holding Hetty's warm little hands, and her soft hair blowing against his cheek with every breath of wind.

Hetty enjoyed it thoroughly, too, as was attested by her dancing blue eyes and the soft pink bloom on her cheeks.

Frank thought he had never seen her look more lovely. "Hetty! I could skate on forever like this!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Hetty averted her face, then forced a laugh. "Rather tiresome, I should think," she replied.

"Hetty!" Frank cried, passionately, "don't speak so lightly when my heart is just bursting with the weight of feeling, which I cannot find words to express. Hetty, you know I love you, you must have seen it. Say you return it, if ever so little. Will you be mine, Hetty?"

"Catch me first!" she cried, suddenly wrenching her hand from him and darting away.

He stopped a moment in sheer amazement, then as the implied meaning of her words occurred to him, he started in swift pursuit, but Hetty was already far in advance, and as she was a superb skater, he gained but little at first. She skimmed along over the smooth surface until she seemed almost to fly. On, on, they went, leaving the gay company far behind, and reaching a portion of the pond but little frequented by skaters.

At last Hetty began to feel tired, and Frank gained on her little by little, until she was but a few yards in advance. Then she seemed to recover strength, and made a bold dash forward.

Frank's eyes were upon her. One moment he saw her graceful figure floating on before him, and the next he heard a crackling sound, a shrill scream, and a great black hole yawning a few yards in advance of him and a golden head disappearing in its depths!

With a frantic shout he bounded forward, throwing off coat and hat on the way, and in a moment had plunged through the ice-hole. In a few seconds he appeared again, bearing on one arm a limp and motionless figure, while with the other hand he grasped the shelving ice. Frail hope! it gave way beneath his touch. He tried to shout, but his teeth were chattering so from cold that his voice was scarcely audible.

He was almost on the point of sinking, when from around a curve came half a dozen men hurrying on, and carrying ropes and planks.

They had heard Frank's wild shout as he plunged into the water, and having seen him and Hetty skating in that direction a few moments before, they at once concluded that something was wrong, and had snatched the means of succor on their way.

Now they set to work and Frank and Hetty were soon safe.

Frank was almost exhausted, and Hetty quite unconscious, but restoratives were speedily applied, and Hetty soon recovered and was taken home at once carefully attended by Frank.

When Hetty learned who had rescued her, she cried bitterly with shame for having so misjudged Frank's true character.

He was a *hero*, after all, but she felt that she should have loved him just as well if he had not been, yet, now, gratitude was mingled with love.

He called the next day and was given the answer which he so much coveted, and Hetty at last found her hero.

ACTORS AND ACTING.

PERSONATION is the first necessity of acting. The actor must pass out of himself, out of his own idiosyncrasy, and must transpose himself, bodily, into the character, which he seeks to embody. Passion or repose, elegance or deformity, chivalry or baseness—all or any of these varying, or even antagonistic, qualities, must be expressed through the most complex, subtle and many-sided of instruments—the human face and form. Again, the actor should be able to express through his art, both ideal and realistic characters—those which we see with the inner eye of imagination, and those which we realize by actual contact and experience. He ought to be able to represent through the same body characters of the wildest ideal grandeur, and those whose contemptible commonplace is only softened to art by humor. He should, in short, be able to represent, as Garrick did through his own single person, characters as widely different in very essence as Lear and Abel Drugger. It follows that the art of the actor requires that he should make a study of the capabilities of his body for expression as exact and profound almost as—to use again a former metaphor—a musician makes of his violin. It is easy to understand that Kean was often found studying before a glass. There is in art some tendency to regard humanity as an abstraction without a body. Acting, by the body, tends to redress this one-sideness. The Greek sculptor worked his marvels of ideal beauty by faith. Believing in his merely superhuman deities, he strove to reveal their glories by incarnating them in the marble which compressed a god within the human form. Acting and sculpture are in this respect alike. They are the two arts which can only represent through the body; though sculpture deals with form, while acting revels in expression. An actor must be king over facial expression, over the fire or softness of the speaking eye, over the volume or the whisper of the voice, over gesture or bearing, over every phase of expression that must be conveyed to spectators through his trained physical gifts and forces. He should, in addition to these powers, be master of every bodily accomplishment and grace. He must fence well, and he should be able to look like a cavalier. There is another noteworty peculiarity in connection with the acting drama. I mean the exercise of memory. The words of the poet must be absorbed into the memories of the actors. The product of a single mind has to be appropriated as a verbal possession by many other minds. The actors must sponge up the poet's lines into their memories. No other art calls for the exercise of such technically correct and precise memory.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

This stupendous collection embraces full 300,000 volumes, being the largest single library in the United States. Some years ago the library of the Smithsonian Institute was merged with Congressional Library, and has now become a part and parcel of it. These books, comprising works on almost every notable subject, number from 35,000 to 40,000 volumes, and are included in the above estimate. Ancient and modern history embrace the largest collection, containing about an even 100,000 volumes. Biography and travel stand next in order, and show some 80,000. The law department, with its 35,000 volumes, stands third on the list and of poetry there are at least 20,000. The medical works present a very handsome front of 8,000, and standard novels comprise a carefully-selected list of about 5,000. No novels of a lower order than those commonly known as standard are allowed in this valuable collection.

The books of this library are allowed by law to be loaned out to the President of the United States, members of his Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the diplomatic corps in Washington. The same privilege is also extended by courtesy to many of the gentleman employed about the capitol building, and to the clerks of Senators and Representatives, or those who are chairmen of the different Congressional committees. To any other persons, male or female, over the age of 19 years, is accorded the privilege of going to the library and reading at all times that the rooms are open.

An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; a run to catch a departing train; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

THE modest deportment of really wise men, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down and withdraws from observation.

Secret of Beauty.

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SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN—IN 1876.

BY MARGERY LAIRD.

I

A three year old wordling, a baby coquette,
With a heart and a soul undeveloped as yet,
And a wee infant brain, crammed with sashes and bows,
Having bonbons and doll babies filling the spaces—
A dear little cherub done sweetly in brown,
A la mode from her toes to her curly gold crown.
Who knows, pretty lady-kin, quite well enough,
About rouge, *a la creme*, and mamma's powder puff!
Who can waltz like an angel, in very short skirts,
And sweetly show you how aunt Kattie flirts!
This, sir, is the bud of the most true human—
This baby, the germ of the future woman!

II

Miss sixteen, fair and fine, at a fashionable school,
Smuggles notes to dear Fred, and, defying the rule,
Fills her smooth empty head with the fictitious woes
Of Angelique Amour and Comte De la Rose;
Murders French, screams Italian; Madame Marposle
Will turn her out soon quite a finished young lady!
She can dance, she can sing like Parepa—or nearly!
And learns, she will tell you, "just everything really."
She can tell you the price of that lace at a glance,
And knows that "dear Worth" is the idol of France;
Has heard about Modoc, wild Indians in Texas,
Dates on Cuba, first Hurlo and the Grand Duke Alexis,
And with tears on her cheek, like the dew on the rose,
Will murmur: "He had such a Romanoff nose!"

III.

Two *decollete* shoulders, one rather small waist;
A *Jeanne D'Arc* corsage all be-silvered and laced,
Martha Washington coiffure, and Moyen Age fan—
Charms plucked from all eras to overwhelm man;
Dainty slippers, white arms, and a beauty well made,
From pearl and from bloom, guaranteed not to fade.
Item: gems, gloves, bouquet, examine it well.
'Tis a strangly formed creature, a just blossomed belle!
She appears in society's whirl with a mate
For seeking perpetual mollon—embraced!
And a fair code of ethics—those troublesome men
Have hearts made for bright eyes to break now and then.

IV

Young Nil Admirari has sat in the corner
With the belle of the ball, and, like little Jack Horner,
Has pulled out the plum from society's pie;
And under the spell of a melting blue eye,
Has harmlessly spooned over strawberry teas
With a dear little girl "made of sugar—and spices!"
As my languid young gentleman soon will discover,
For that nice broadcloth arm is the arm of a lover;
And in that far nook, on the dimly lit stair,
Is a head on his shoulder that should not be there!
Indeed, if the truth, and the whole truth, were told,
He could hardly explain how those ringlets of gold,
Bought of M. Pigeon, came so near to his cheek,
Nor what moment's weakness induced him "to speak."
Never mind how it happened; the mischief is done,
And *fancies are dear* in more senses than one:
Drives, bonbons, and gems for the sweet future Mrs
Are repaid, but can not be paid for, in kisses!
And he thinks, as he whispers "dear love" and "sweet life,"
"I declare, I don't see that I wanted a wife!"

V.

Her face is a marvel, her diamonds are rare;
Her veil cost a thousand; her lovely blonde hair
Was ordered from Paris; her Greek *tablier*
Is a match to one worn by Princesse de A——.
Jenkins writes up a column on *point d'Alencon*,
Damasque silk, a whole trousseau superbly bon ton:
Church wedding, reception at home, the *elite*
Attending in costumes *recherche* and sweet;
While the bride, meekly blushing behind her illusion,
Displays just the proper amount of confusion,
And wisely concludes, if the price is too dear,
Still 'tis paid, and she's mistress of so much a year.

VI.

The rich Mrs. *Verd Antique*, worth half a million,
Leads the German, the fashion, the quiet cotillion;
And the young men and maidens around in her train,
While *old Green* pays the bills and looks on at her reign!
And he? knows now, too late, that her roses are fake,
Her heart a machine to beat time in a waltz;
That the sweet, natural girl he has sought all his life,
Is, if she exists, some other man's wife!
And he sees in the home he has longed for, alas!
A great deal of crystal, and satin and glass:
Ormolu, gilding, magnolias wax—
But the love he has hoped for he never finds there.

VII.

Why now should we turn the last leaf on the page,
And expose to the daylight the sad seventh age!
Of the mother, who, jewelled and daintily dressed,
Puts the babe from her bosom, the bird from its nest,
And wears in the dear little innocent's place,
A *bouquet de corsage* of flowers and lace.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

BY SADIE E. AIKENS.

It was a mellow day in May; the sun, almost a summer sun, was sinking, casting its lingering rays across the old fashioned porch, where trailing vines were already visible, spreading their thin branches, trying to shade two tiny canary birds, that were warbling glad notes, making the pretty cottage appear a very Eden of peace and happiness. Leaning two dimpled elbows on the sill of the little square window, hidden from view by the tall shade trees, Murill Montague stood humming a song, as she looked forth on the purple sunset, drinking in its wondrous beauties, worshipping a beautiful reality, scarcely more beautiful than herself.

Sixteen years of age; tall, dark-complexioned, with large, lustrous eyes, whose heavy fringes swept cheeks that had a rich carnation glow; braid on braid of glossy purple-black hair wreathed round the small and exquisitely shaped head, Murill presented as fair a picture as the one on which she was gazing, with such rapt attention.

A sound of horses hoofs trampling at the gate, a springing step, a half-smothered curse, made her lean forward, startled lest something had happened to him she so dearly loved; but a few hasty and hurried sentences, in a strange voice (broken, to be sure, but coming distinctly to her ears,) caused her to reel back, as though struck by some unseen hand.

That short, low spoken message was—what?

Murill strained her ears to listen, with hands closely clasped over her heart, as if it throbbed too loudly for her to hear.

She heard the words:—"Eugene, you must go home—wife is anxious at your absence—a letter from her—to-night if possible—make some excuse to get away;—no need to tell of your wife," then a few whispered sentences that she could not catch—hasty retreating footsteps—that was all.

A low wail escaped her, and she hid her face in her hands.

She was cold as ice, and deadly pale as Eugene Montague advanced into the room. Seeing that something unusual disturbed her, he tenderly inquired if she was ill.

A harsh, grating laugh, which was terrible to hear, escaped the closed teeth and white lips.

"Murill, you must be ill, what is the matter?"

He advanced toward her, but she waved him back, conquering the choking pain in her throat, and speaking in a clear low tone, a tempest raging in her heart.

"Do not touch me, or come near me. Go away, and never let me see your face again."

"Why, Murill! I hope you are not angry because I stayed away so late; what an exacting wife—"

"Hush!—not that; you have deceived me long enough. Why did you not spare me this shame and agony?"

"Deceived you; what can you mean? do you want to quarrel, to rid yourself of me?"

The man spoke angrily, a queer smile wreathing his lips.

She stood there, trembling violently, but made no reply.

"Murill, what do you mean by acting so strangely. I demand an explanation. I am heartily tired of your continual stage acting, and will not submit to it much longer, I assure you."

Then the storm burst in all its fury. Hot words rose to her lips. She could have shrieked out in her great agony:

"Eugene Montague, how dared you deceive me, who in my love and trust, gave myself to you. How dared you make me your wife, knowing you had a wife living at the time."

"I did not know it. Who told you I had another wife?"

"Who told me? Ha! ha! my ears do not deceive me as you have done. You need not trouble yourself to deny it, as I overheard your conversation with some stranger a few moments ago."

"In that case," he said with no visible emotion, "it is useless for me to say any more on the subject. It will not benefit us to quarrel, we can separate, but we can be friends. I meant to do well by you, as I really supposed my wife dead. Remain here quietly, and I will see that your wants are supplied; and, by and by, when you are a few years older, you will forget me and marry some good, honest farmer. I will send my lawyer to settle with you."

Had he seen the smile that flitted across her face, the steely glitter in her dark dilating eyes, he would have been a little less satisfied with himself.

He glanced up at her, as she did not speak, but her face was as calm as a piece of marble.

"Well, Murill, I think I will have to leave you as it is growing late. You will, I hope, get along nicely. As I said before, it is useless for us to quarrel, so you will shake hands, and part friends."

Still she did not reply. Her white, dry lips moved, without uttering a sound.

"As I am going away," he continued; "if I can do anything for you, I am perfectly willing to oblige, to show you, I am not as bad as you might imagine me to be. Come Murill, get over your childish anger, and let us part friends."

"Never!" she cried passionately. "Friends!—do you dare offer insult to injury? Eugene Montague, you have deceived me all along. You never intended to make me your wife; you knew your wife was living when you married me; and I would have given my very life for you;" she moaned. But the next moment, she almost screamed the words: "You have poisoned my life, base wretch that you are; you have changed my love to hate, and I warn you, beware of the consequences; for I will bear the load of life until I have made you suffer, as you have me. You shall drink deep of the deadly poison you have held to my lips; you who have so cruelly deluded me. I make no idle threat, for—may God forget me, when I forget to be fully revenged on you."

She stood for a moment before him, with her white, rigid face turned so that he could see the terrible earnestness written there; her eyes and lips too full of burning agony to shed a tear, or utter a moan; then, before he could speak, or move, she left him, bewildered at the passion he had aroused, but smiling complacently as he left the house, glad to have ended the interview and rid himself of Murill, without public scandal. Had he but known her disposition better, or caught a glimpse of the future, he would have shed tears of blood on leaving that roof, and prayed that he had died ere he had so betrayed her fond trust. Murill watched him from the window above, as he passed down the garden path, watched him open and close the gate hurriedly, and then quickly disappear behind a clump of trees as though glad to get away from her.

She strained her eyes to catch a last glimpse of him, who, though he had so wronged her, still held the passion of her woman's heart with yearning tenderness. Was this to be their final parting? A sharp pang shot through her heart; a terrible anguish stole over her, as the darkness hid from her view the spot where she had seen him last; a deadly feeling possessed her, for now she realized that he was forever lost to her, that she was alone, all alone, in the world; for how could she return to her aged father, to tell him of her misery.

Of the agony of that night, it would be impossible to give the faintest description. How the slow hours of the long night passed, bringing with each added moment the sense of utter desolation.

Her head sank on the floor, and a groan was wrung from her breaking heart, a groan that angels might have recorded in pity for the wretched girl.

Something rustled on the floor beside her. The wind, blowing in through the open window, had brought, close to her face, the letter he had said had come from his wife. With burning, tearless eyes she regarded it, and as she took it in her hand she read it, over and over again, as though to burn its meaning into her brain. A fearful storm rose in her heart. A burning, intense desire for the revenge she had promised him took possession of her.

"I will be avenged," she said, raising her hand to heaven, "if I have to wait a lifetime to accomplish it."

* * * * * * * *

Six years have passed. In the first, Eugene Montague's wife died. For five years he has remained a widower, and to-morrow he is to marry a fair vision, whom he loves with as true devotion as could be felt by a man of his disposition. She bewilders his senses, turning his brain with her grand beauty, the very sound of her voice makes him feel delirious of hope; for the future looks so bright and promising, so full of joy, that his heart bounds within him, at the very thought of her, who is so soon to be his own for life. And Murill. Oh, he has forgotten her, and if a thought of her sweeps across his memory, it is as of one long since dead.

It is a beautiful night. The breath of early August hangs clear and calm upon the scene. Not a leaf or a blossom stirs. The flowers in the garden, the fruit in the orchard, the mingled scents of fragrant jessamine and delicious orange-blossoms, yield rare incense to enrich the heavily perfumed air.

It is the night before his marriage day. Eugene and his promised bride slowly saunter arm in arm along the sea-coast, to breathe the fresh, pure air, ascending a path leading up the face of a high cliff that overlooks the vast expanse of clear, silvery water. For a long time Gertrude stands with her dark eyes gazing far out over the sea, forgetful of her future husband's presence, looking superbly handsome, the folds of her rich silk dress trailing carelessly on the ground suiting so well the tall, queenly form.

Not a bend of the handsome head; not an inclination of the polished throat, or a curve of the white, rounded arms; not a single movement of the finely moulded figure, as it inclines over the dizzy height, escapes the eyes so lovingly noting every phase of her luxuriant beauty.

"Gertrude, what are you thinking of?"

"Of this beautiful scene. It reminds me so vividly of a scene of six years ago, that I thought then could never be equaled."

"Six years ago! You were but a child then. It is but natural that beautiful beings would admire—"

"No flattery," she interrupts. "I dislike it above all else."

"I but told the truth, Gertie."

"Then in this case the truth is flattery, and I would rather not hear the truth. Suppose I should have to go away from here, would it grieve you to give me up?"

"Don't, Gertrude," he answers, with a shudder. "Why should I give you up, or why go from me; to-morrow you will be mine forever."

"Then you love me?"

"Love you!" his voice is husky. "Love you, Gertrude. I would die a hundred deaths were such a thing possible, rather than give you to another. But you do not doubt me?"

"No, I do not doubt you. But I want to be *sure* that I am very, very dear to you."

He raises his eyes to her face, with a strange expression of eagerness and scrutiny. It is his answer.

"But you have loved others as dearly, have you not?" she persists.

"No, Gertie. I never cared for any as I love you."

"Not even your wife?" she asks, with a curl of her red lips.

"My marriage with my wife was not of my own inclination. It was my mother's wish that prompted it, Gertrude. I tell you you are dearer to me than my own soul. You believe me, Gertie?"

His eyes flash and the blood mounts his temples.

For one moment her face appears dreamy, shadowy; then without one trace of emotion, in a clear ringing voice, she asks:

"And Murill Montague, what of her?"

"Murill!" gasps Eugene, reeling against the rocks. "Did you say Murill?"

"Yes, I said Murill. Why, have you forgotten her?" A wild glitter sparkles in the coal black eyes.

He looks at her in blank dispair.

"Am I mad or dreaming?"

"I believe you are awake. Mr. Montague would you know her, if you should see her?"

A sickening sense of fear and hopelessness comes over him.

"She is dead. I know she died years ago. Oh, Gertie, what is she to you. You freeze me with your coldness. Come away from here; let us return home; it is growing chilly and damp from the sea air." But she does not move.

"Did you make inquiries as to her death?" As he does not answer she continues, coming closer to him and glaring at him with wicked eyes:—

"Do you know now if she is dead?"

He stares at her dark, beautiful face, reading the features with incredible horror, as each familiar line impresses itself on his awakened recollections. Yes, it is Murill. *He knows her now.* He stands looking at her in a passionate, vague terror. He feels a chill run through his heart; the blood seems to congeal in his veins, causing him to stand motionless before her.

"Do you know me? Ha! Ha! I think you will not spurn me now, and smile in my face. Did you think that I made an idle threat? That, child as I was, I would quietly suffer myself to be trampled upon? You love me better than your soul! So I loved you once, and you left me to live or die, without caring which; and had not my uncle from India taken me with him I would have starved rather than live on your charity. And now, by adopting my uncle's name, he has made me his heiress. You flung me from you, a thing to be sneered and laughed at, even by the very servants,—you did this, you who love me now; and yet, within a few months I will marry one who is good and noble, and not a *farmer's son!*"

"My God;" he cries, lifting his haggard face toward heaven. "Can this be true?"

"What can be false about it, Mr. Montague?"

"Gertrude—Murill, you will not, will not leave me so. You will forgive my boyhood's rash act, and forget the bitter past. You will not turn from me, Gertie, for I cannot live without you—cannot see you the wife of another. Have pity, Gertie, and forget the past."

His face is of a livid whiteness, as he awaits the answer he almost dreads to hear.

"Forget the past! Eugene when I cease to breathe, then I will forget how you blighted my girlhood's days with misery and suffering. I can never forget the past, and perhaps you will remember it occasionally in the years to come. Allow me to wish you good evening."

He catches her in his arms as she turns to go. He strains her to his heart, raining hot, passionate kisses on her hair, her eyes, her red lips, murmuring fond loving words of forgiveness, in a low broken voice: words of forgiveness for the misery she causes him; but with supernatural strength she pushes him from her,—when, suddenly, a shriek rings out on the night air—a cry of blood-curdling terror—and he is gone,—forever!

She hears a sound that to her benumbed senses seems like the mutter of thunder; then a crash of loosening earth, the rattling of falling stones, the sound of something striking the water; and she knows that at her door lies the death of Eugene Montague.

Murrill never marries. Years of desolate wandering, seeking peace and rest, end in her settling on her native shore, far, far away from his watery grave.

Poor Murill. In the broad glare of noon-day heat; in quiet, sunset evenings; in the hushed, still hours of midnight—one face constantly appears before her, with a look of deep sorrow, mingled with ill-starred love's long, sad farewell. It is the face of the dead Eugene.

ATTENTION, application, accuracy, method, punctuality and despatch, are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort. These, at first sight, may appear to be small matters; and yet they are of essential importance to human happiness, well-being and usefulness. They are little things, it is true; but human life is made up of comparative trifles. It is the repetition of little acts which constitute not only the sum of human character, but which determine the character of nations. And where men or nations have broken down, it will almost invariably be found that neglect of little things was the rock on which they split.

"NO."

BY J. R. W.

"Oh!" she said, throwing up her eyes to the ceiling, "you who are rich, happy, and have never known want, how very little you know of temptation and the sorrows of a wicked world! Ah! dear Mr. Nassent—if I may call you so—much as you pity me, much as you have done for me, you would, indeed, sympathize with me more did you feel what hardships I have suffered, what I have had to undergo to save myself from the snares, dangers, and delusions which beset the orphan—for, as I have already told you, I am an orphan, and am alone in the world!"

"Alone!—no, no," said the person whom this voluble young woman had treated to this *douche* of words: "no, you are not alone. You did a very kind thing to me, my dear young lady—for I do look upon you quite as a young lady—when you wrote to me, a total stranger, and told me of your poverty, your troubles and temptations. I have indeed been obliged by the confidence you reposed in me, and as I speak of it I am moved,—I am positively moved by gratitude that you chose *me* to be your benefactor! I consider myself honored—I do, indeed!"

She turned away her head, and held out her hand to him, and he gently and gratefully pressed it when he took it, held it for a moment, and then dropped it; for if Mr. Honesty Nassent was one of the kindest men in the world, at the same time he was one of the most awkward and shame-faced.

"I trust my friend Mr. Hessery explained to you my desire to do all I can for your welfare?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, in a gushing voice; "and how kindly he spoke of you, to be sure! He is a dear, good creature! But how could he avoid being so when he has your blood in his veins, dear Mr. Nassent, to say nothing of the noble example you must have ever set him?"

"Ha! the good fellow!" said the gentleman. "I daresay he would be very charitable and kind if he were rich, or even well off!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the sentimental young lady holding converse with Mr. Honesty Nassent, and speaking in a strangely changed voice,—"oh, is he poor?"

"As Job!" said the good fellow, with the utmost candor; "and I am afraid I am wicked enough sometimes to be glad that he is poor, since, by that means, I frequently have the pleasure of his company at my house. He doesn't live with me, and nothing can be more droll than the way in which he abuses everything set before him—of course playfully—for he is one of the most grateful fellows the world ever beheld! He has such tact, too, and that is the reason why I sent him to you instead of coming myself; he is so very clever! I, on the other hand, am very awkward and dilatory, and I am aware I must worry people very much. I trust that he made you completely understand that because I have set you up in your business I do not consider I have done with you? I do hope my dear old friend gave you to understand that if at any time I can be of service to you, I shall be delighted to help you, if you will allow me? Dear me?"

The last two words were the result of the surprise with which he met the extraordinary behavior in which the young person in question indulged; for, positively, she took his right hand with great suddenness, kissed it, then burst into tears, and hid her head in both her white hands, while her sobs were, indeed, piteous to hear.

"Oh!" said her visitor, blushing, "this is too much gratitude."

"Gratitude!" she cried, suddenly turning, and obliging him with one despairing look. "Gratitude!—oh, cruel, cruel!"

When the good fellow had taken his leave of the young girl whom, the reader will by this time have gathered, he had been benefiting, he pondered over these words, marvelling wonderfully what they could mean.

Reaching his well appointed home, he found his housekeeper waiting in the hall not far from the little parlor-maid who had opened the door.

"Do you want to speak to me, Morris?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I do, indeed."

"Then come into the dining-room."

And, after he had shut the door," he said, "I have called upon that young person, and I am very much pleased with her behavior.

"You'll excuse me, for I'm an old servant," said Mrs. Morris, "and old servants always *are* excused; but I really *cannot* see this designing person—carry on," continued the housekeeper, after looking about her for a word, "without, at least, trying to spoil her game."

"Game?" said the puzzled Mr. Nassent.

"Yes; for don't tell me, sir—she means to marry you, if she can. Oh, you may laugh, but *I* know the sort of woman she is; and that is what it will come to!"

"My good Mrs. Morris," said her friendly master, "you are prejudiced—you have only seen her once!"

"Quite enough!" remarked the housekeeper.

"And you have taken a dislike to her, which you would get rid of if you saw her on two or three occasions. This poor orphan being penniless, wrote to me, and asked for help. I consider she honored me, and I told her so."

"Told her so!" shrieked the housekeeper; "then you are lost, indeed! She no doubt heard of you as a kind and amiable man, and has practised on you. You have made no inquiries. Kind and good, indeed! Why, you are as innocent as a child, sir, and in matters of the heart you ought to be watched like one. And here comes another of them—your precious friend, Mr. Hessery who dines at your expense seven times a week through the year, and never forgets to find fault with everything."

"To be sure—I keep a very plain table.'

"Which would be plainer, but for your precious friend. No; I was not your nurse when you were a child, and did not promise your father to look after you for nothing; and I do look after you when I say I do not like Hessery; for your constitution will not stand rich food, and you often eat such to encourage Mr. Hessery. Encourage, indeed!—it is little encouragement he wants, I warrant me! There's his knock; even *that* is discontented!"

When the two friends were together, the visitor looked grudgingly at Mr. Nassent, who had very fortuitously been christened "Honesty," much to the disgust of the officiating clergyman; and he said, "A pretty dose you gave me yesterday, going to your precious young person! Why, she is really in love with you!"

"What?"

"Ha, ha!" cried the discontented visitor; "the fool is actually blushing! There is a couple of them! Yes, she loves you; and now, I suppose, you will go thinking over that for the next hour, and totally ignore the fact that I have walked—for I am too poor to ride—on purpose to oblige you; and I bet you would not care to hear that I am dying for a glass of sherry?"

"Bless me! I beg your pardon, Hessery!" said Nassent, humbly; "it was most selfish of me. But how could she possibly love me?"

"Do get the sherry!"

"I am getting it, my dear friend, as fast as ever I can, but my keys get so mixed! Surely there is some mistake?"

"Open a fresh bottle, and see it isn't corked. Oh, there's no mistake; she *is* in love with you, though how she can have managed it I am at a loss to understand, and I don't think you could do better than marry her——No, drat it! don't give me the little glass! Don't be mean, man, don't! Take care how you pour out *my* wine, whatever you do your own! Yes; why can't you marry her? It is excessively selfish on your part to live alone when you might give some poor woman a home! But there! you are like all the rich men I ever knew. Do fill my glass again, for I suppose you don't want to humble me to ask for it. Yes, like all the rich men I ever knew—and it has been my fate to know very many—you are infamously selfish and inconsiderate!"

"But, Hessery, she is not in my station of life, though I admit the cogency of what you have been saying—indeed I do!"

"There he goes again! Not in his position! Just as though it would be kind on his part to marry a woman in his own position, and who, of course, would not require his help! Poor lass!—poor lass! and she loves you dearly, I am satisfied!"

He took a third glass of sherry, which, indeed, made his face all aglow, but he said nothing about the fact that grateful Lucy Carner, after half an hour's conversation with the parasite had completely measured him off, and taking his hand, and pressing it had said, "Oh, dear Mr. Hessery, if *I* had the good fortune to be mistress of his desolate home, the dinners to which you should sit down should be, indeed, worthy of your eating!"

That apparently innocent little speech completely won over selfish, and therefore blind, Mr. Hessery, who thereupon, at a blow, became her determined partisan.

It was in vain that clever and wordly-wise old Mrs. Morris—a very model of women—told him he was being fooled; that it was only cunning women, unworthy of their sex, who spoke openly of their affections, and took the prerogative of making love.

He was so simple, so honest and straightforward—women had always so laughed, however, good humoredly at him since he had reached man's estate—that, between his own goodness, pity, modesty, and innocent vanity, he thought truly he was doing a very kind and admirable act when he wrote to her and asked her to be his wife after a second visit he paid, when he found her pale and wan-looking, and when, apparently, beyond all self control, she flung herself upon his neck, wept, and then fell at his feet, calling upon him, out of his very mercy, to forgive her her wickedness.

In vain, Mrs. Morris, in her turn wept (she did not, however, fling herself upon his neck, though she had nursed him when he was a child)—in vain she entreated him to make inquiries—he adhered to his determination.

To be sure, he looked a little grave when, upon her first visit to the house, she complained of the drawing-room paper, and ordered another; but he found excuses for her—even thought this act of mistress-ship a mark of ingeniousness—and smilingly allowed her to fix a day for the wedding.

He was staggered, however, when, on the eve of his marriage, his would-be guardian, old Mrs. Morris, brought before him a miserable, gaunt looking boy, aged about seven.

"See, Honesty Nassent," she said, "you say you are going to marry this Lucy Carner, out of pity, because she is alone in the world. So is this boy. He was found to-day, starving, in a wet cellar, in one corner of which lay his dead mother. *She* did not write a moving letter to you, though she could write—for she had once been a lady; drink had dragged her down. Yet she knew of your existence—for I had helped her with the money you gave me for her, and she knew whence it came. Why not help this poor creature?—he is an orphan who does not write letters, and who is too frightened of the world to kiss hands and make tears."

Nevertheless, next morning he was waiting for her at the church. Never was he so shocked as, when standing within the porch, he saw her rising to leave the carriage, she had ordered, for she was magnificently dressed.

The next moment decided him.

An old man passing, and moved perhaps by some memory of his own marriage, opened the door, while the footman was disentangling his coat from the seat-rail, and the next moment, as she perceived the honest-looking, old fellow, she struck him aside with the back of her hand.

He flinched, raised his hat, begged pardon, and moved away.

But the cunning woman who had played her dark cards so far well, had shown her hand too soon.

She had no idea he saw her. But she marked he was changed. She attributed his behavior to his nervousness.

But when he was asked whether he would have her to be his wedded wife, he said, calmly and with sufficient dignity, "No," and he thereupon gave the clergyman an outline of the facts.

Then he turned and left her there, utterly distanced and outwitted by herself.

She never brought an action for damages, therefore Mrs. Morris rightly judged that her character might not have borne inspection.

As for that excellent woman, when she learnt the news, she fainted for the first and only time in her life, and then it was with joy.

That good woman passed an admirable month, for she not only had the pleasure of seeing an adventuress conquered, but she saw surly, selfish Mr. Hessery shown the door for good; while before the month was out, she had the pleasure of seeing her master adopt the other orphan, the boy—of hearing this poor stray laugh; and finally, of seeing his bones disappear under rounding flesh, and to mark his growing good looks.

"He'll be a credit to the house," she said. "And if I can teach him, he'll know when to say 'no.'"

CANNOT FIND THEIR LEVEL.—By far too many people fancy that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. "I want to make a change. I feel that I am not valued according to my deserts," says an aspiring young man. In all probability our inexperienced friend has more egotism and selfishness than is good for him; but we advise him to move—anywhere that he may choose—in order to test the accuracy of his gauge of his own ability or merit. It is proper to add that, as a rule, a man is appreciated fully for all he is and does—often, too, much more; and it is wise, and, as a rule, safe, to take the measure other people give you as a just one; and if it does not satisfy you, work harder until they voluntarily change it. Few men rise and remain long above their just level; few can be kept below it.

Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE hens of France are said to earn their owners $30,000,000 a year.

GIVE the young chicks all the sour or sweet milk you have to spare; they relish it.

GARDENERS say that whale oil soap, dissolved in water and thrown upon grape-vines will exterminate the worms which are now destroying the vines.

EVERY poultry raiser should not necessarily be a breeder of thoroughbred fowls, but he should by all means know the importance of thoroughbred cocks.

PLOUGH under young clover grown from seed sown last spring, if it was raised for the purpose of enriching the land; otherwise let it alone and cut for hay when ripe, or let the tops fall down and become a protection for the young roots next winter. If you should plough the clover under, it would of course kill it, and necessitate sowing seed again next spring.

A DAIRYMAN whose attention being called to the fact of and increase in milk the days he gave his cows salt, experimented until he decided that salt given in small quantities every day is the best way. Salt in the morning just before turning them out, a tablespoonful to each cow, and the flow of milk will be considerably increased.

IT is not too late even now to sow a strip of land to turnips for stock next winter. They make an excellent regulator in the diet of stock, and break up the monotony of winter feeding. The best way is to sow in drills, and leave the turnips at the first hoeing a foot apart in the rows. Swedes or beets soon cover the ground under cultivation and require little hand labor.

THE best way to improve a light sandy soil is to put on all the vegetable matter you can, either in the form of muck from swamps, or by turning under peas, buckwheat, clover, or some similar crop. If the land is very porous, more or less of the fertilizing materials applied will sink out of the reach of ordinary crops. Your main point is to get the land full of vegetable matter, not only to increase its fertility, but to make it hold moisture in summer.

When a horse stumbles, never raise your voice—the creature dreads its master's chiding; never jog the reins—the mouth of the horse is far more sensitive than the human lips; never use the lash, the horse is so timid that the slightest correction overpowers its reasoning faculties. Speak to the creature; reassure the palpitating frame; seek to restore those perceptions which will form the best guard against a repetition of the faulty action.

THERE is no mode that we have ever tried so effectual in transplanting tomato, cabbage, cantaloupe, or any other tender plant, from the hotbed, or from one place to another, as to prepare a vessel filled with manure water and rich soil, about the consistency of thin mush, with which the roots of the plants should be coated and set in a hole made with a round piece of wood or a dibble. After being rather firmly planted, moisten again with manure water. We have never failed in any transplanting when done in this way, and the trouble is very slight.

THE rose gardens of France are celebrated. Acres and acres of roses bloom in them for the perfumer. Heliotrope, mignonette and other floral plants are also found side by side with them in dense masses. The air is heavy with almost sickening fragrance, and for miles around the breezes bear the sweet tidings that they "have flown o'er the gardens of Gul in their bloom." Few, however, in this country have ever heard of an English lavender-field. Within thirty miles of London these lavender-fields have become an extensive and recognized industry. There is annually produced, in England alone, sufficient oil from the plant to manufacture thirty thousand gallons of spirits of lavender, besides a large quantity, the total of which is unknown, to be used in the production of other perfumes with more pretentious names. This plant is at the best when between three and seven years of age. The harvest time is the first week in August. The flowers are then cut and taken to the distillery, followed by an innumerable number of bees, which insects are especially fond of them. Here the essential oil is pressed out and is ready to be mixed with the proper ingredients to make lavender-water.

EARLY MORNING.—The brightest, the best, the most beautiful part of the day is the early morning. There seems also to be a moral influence and sweet, healthy power at this time. The air is fresh, the feelings are renewed, the spirit is calm, and we enter upon the day rested and restored. If we had a day without night, and our hours of repose were amidst the hot rush of constant activities, we should lie down and be unrefreshed. It is a blessed provision that nature gives us, in the curtains of the night, and we must sleep with the glare of the day shut out, and arise in the morning as the day begins to see all nature start afresh. There is both stimulus and encouragement in the air we breathe at this time.

One trial of Dobbins' Electric Soap, (I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will make you a firm believer in its merits ever after. Give it that trial, please. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

To Paint the Lily and Gild Refined Gold, according to Shakspere, is "wasteful and ridiculous excess," but we are of opinion that on such an interesting subject "much may be said on both sides." For instance, a handsome lady is nature's master-piece—a thousand fold more beautiful than "lilies" or "refined gold," yet it is by no means "ridiculous excess" to heighten her charms by a judicious use of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S admirable preparations. Dr. GOURAUD is a gentleman profoundly versed in all the mysteries of Chemistry, and disorders of the skin, and consequently is eminently qualified to prepare remedies for beautifying the complexion. His MEDICATED SOAP and LILY WHITE are famous for curing chaps, pimples, blotches, wrinkles, etc., and GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE AND POUDRES SUBTILES are unrivalled for imparting a rosy hue to the cheek and removing extraneous hairs, while his MEDICATED GLOSS and INSTANTANEOUS DYE are superior articles for improving and beautifying the hair, while his ORIENTAL CREAM almost has a magical beautifying effect on the complexion, scattering all imperfections. Leading druggists keep the Doctor's cosmetics. Depot, 48 Bond street, New York.

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

ST. ELMO, Ill., July 8, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.:—*I* wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged, and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house, and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention as remarkable (though I could give you dozens). Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects ever seen, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to effect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets, assuring him that it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some weeks since, using two Pellets each night for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines, and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case.

Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN,
Agt. Am. Exp. Co.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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1821

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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

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HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Not every man can be wealthy. There is not enough to go around and make millionaires of all. The few who gain the coveted amount must pay a heavy price for it, the greater part of which consists in that most difficult achievement, persistent self-denial. Leaving out of the account those who have inherited wealth, and the very few upon whom it has suddenly fallen by some great fortune or misfortune, and studying the lives of those who have *made* a fortune, in every case there has been a rigid mastery of self, a curbing of all desires which would interfere with the main business of money making, very often the continuous sacrifice of ease, the stifling of generous sentiment, the disregard of the feelings, the necessities, and too often of the rights of others, the constant study and practice of using men for the profit which can be made from them.

Thousands would be rich to-day but for minor self indulgences when young, yielding to present gratifications, needlessly spending now a few dollars for dress, now for a frolic, and now to accommodate a friend. These comparatively insignificant sums amount in a few years to a very significant total, not to a fortune, but enough to furnish just the capital needed when a favorable opportunity for investment and money-making presents itself. The man who has kept his dimes and bided his time is not only ready for such chances, which come to every one on the look out for them, but he has also acquired and strengthened the habit of self control, and so is prepared to make his increased resources all tell to their utmost extent. The first thousand dollars made are like the tools which the blacksmith has himself hammered out. Each one helps in forging and shaping the next. In time, when his shop is completely furnished, he has the skill which long practice has given, and all the appliances needed, and now he can undertake any job which offers.

Those who have wasted the opportunities of youth for securing wealth deserve only the pity which is awakened by any failure; those who have failed to acquire money because they chose to be helpful to others rather than to always help themselves, need neither pity nor sympathy. They may be accounted poor, but their wealth is put away where it will keep, beyond the vicissitudes of life. It is inwrought and inseparable from themselves. Goodness, large heartedness, kindness, love, these are their inalienable riches. Such a fortune is within the reach of all, and it is never too late to begin its sure acquirement.

THE OVER-GROWN VILLAGE.

There is a tendency on the part of both the press and people of other cities to refer, disparagingly, to Philadelphia as an "overgrown village," retaining, in its metropolitan age, village manners, village dress, and village prejudices.

One's first impulse is to resent the accusation. It is not in human nature to accept a mediocre position with perfect equanimity, while nothing cuts the pride of the denizens of town more acutely than to be reminded of a resemblance to country cousins.

But why should we rebel against the charge, if charge it be? Can aught be said of the manners of a village than that they are modest and refined; of the dress than that it is chaste and unassuming; of the prejudices than that they are honest and manly?

Let us acquiesce with complacency; let us accept the situation with composure; let us acknowledge it with pride. Where can we look for a higher tone of morality—a more perfect obedience to law—a sweeter serenity of thought—than characterizes a happily conducted village?

Philadelphia should be proud that the same instincts, the same social code, the same customs, the same modesty, the same chastity, distinguish her that marked the colonial village of an hundred years ago.

Is there less anxiety for public welfare, less love of truth, less alliance to honor, less allegiance to virtue among us because we embody the homeliness of village life with the sterner elements of metropolitan vigor?

There is no city in the Union where society is more select, or home influences more potent than in Philadelphia. We all have homes here, humble though some of them be, and we love them, and cherish the thoughts, the manners, and the traditions that have come to us with them.

We have enough wealth to give us the second commercial rank in the United States; we have enough energy to develope our resources judiciously, and why shouldn't we be happy?

If we are sometimes slow, we are never behind time, and is not discreet tardiness a better auxiliary to longevity of life and prosperity than reckless haste?

We will endeavor to remain an "overgrown village," and let the simplicity of village usage twine about us, as the charms of girlhood rest upon the brow of the peerless woman.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

There is to every one a strange weird charm clinging about the past. Old scenes, o'er which the shadows of years have drifted, assume a new life and beauty; familiar voices, long since hushed and gone, ring again with the mellow notes of innocence and truth; fond hearts, that have lain still and cold for years, pulse again with ripe vigor, as one looks back over the lapse of years and lives life over again.

We live in the present, yet there is an inseparable link between the present and past. The past is ours, and what a noble heritage it is! But, though memory be the mistress of yesterday, action is the royal ruler of to-day. The past is dead, the future unborn, but the present is a living reality. To-day we are alike amenable for the forgotten deeds of long ago, the thoughts that fire the soul in the present, and the purposes awaiting fruition in what is to be. If those deeds have been marked with the stamp of honor; if those thoughts now glow with the fire of truth; if those purposes will court the guidance of virtue, youth has been bright, manhood is worthy, and old age will be honored.

A WHISPER WITH AMATEURS

To young writers just beginning to wield the pen, let us say a word. Don't try to write poetry, unless you cannot help it. Never imagine that you can sit down and grind a poem out of a summer sunset and prosaic head, as you would draw cider from a bunghole. There is no more common error than to confound rhyme with poetry, while the two are as distinct as pearls and potatoes. If the poetic principle exists in your soul, it will show itself; if it does not, you can no more coax the pure songs of the muses from your brain than you can call forth a diamond from a hen's egg.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all other affairs move along more smoothly.

Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Speak kindly at all times; it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing, and very likely awakens the erring to earnest resolves to do better, with strength to keep them.

Kind words are balm to the soul. They oil up the entire machinery of life, and keep it in good running order.

THE issue of silver currency is spe-cie-ous.

SKULL RACE—writing Centennial prize poems.

THE importation of Coolies has no marked effect on the temperature.

YOUNG men who vote on their twenty-first birth-day this year will be in the majority.

THE Servian General, Zgeineogovitch Tchernayeff, wants Spinner's autograph for a necktie.

A MARKET street beggar woman will not go to Atlantic City, as she has only a last year's bustle.

THE drouth continues, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the New York *Tribune* basement.

SITTING BULL doesn't part his hair in the middle, or rub his nails with some other fellow's tooth-brush.

NOW that the Resumption Act has been repealed, let the nation rise *en masse* and demand a reduction in the price of soda-water.

A RACE street woman has deserted her husband because "he could never eat a half watermelon with her 'thout spittin' back the seed."

THE compositor who can set up an account of the Turko-Servian war without making the names of the Generals stand on their heads, has a future in store.

THE bootblacks of Philadelphia have met in convention, and resolved that it is better to have three cases of sunstroke than attempt to "shine" one Chicago man's shoes.

WHILE the candidates are getting up speeches and platforms, wouldn't it be well for some patriot to invent a new method of cutting corns, or else secure a reduction in the price of razors.

NOTHING will more effectively convince a young man of the force of public opinion than to be compelled to wheel a new baby carriage up the street about a year after the honeymoon.

SUNSET ON THE ROYAL.

BY E. S. MITCHELL.

I have not traversed other lands,
Or breathed the airs that blow
From tropic bowers of spicy bloom,
Or Alpine heights of snow.
I have not seen cathedral Rome,
Or sailed adown the Rhine,
Or watched the purple sunset glow
In far-off Palestine.

And yet, perchance, the scene that lies
Unrolled before my eye
Is fair as any picture framed
Beneath a foreign sky.
The elm trees wave about our home
Their branches free and wide,
And down her banks of changing green
The Royal's waters glide.

And as I gaze adown the stream,
The scene more royal grows,
For sunset hues have flushed the waves
With amethyst and rose.
The tide is full, and calm and still
As Inland lake her flow,
While slender birch and stately pine
Are photographed below.

A boat floats softly down the stream
With lightest dip of oar;
The boatman's song in mellow notes
Comes softly to the shore;
And all the air seems rife with dreams,
Or flash of angel wings,
As o'er the rainbow-tinted wave
The distant boatman sings.

Once down this stream the Indian rowed
His birchen bark canoe;
Or down Pamgustuk's rapid falls,
Like light-winged arrow flew;
Then, from these groves of oak and pine,
The wild war-whoop was heard,
As from his ambush on the hills
He swooped like mountain bird.

Now, peace and plenty crown the hills,
And none may dare molest;
We sit beneath our shady vines,
And own our country best;
And still unchanged the Royal flows
Between her banks of green,
To where fair *Casco's hundred isles
In regal state are seen.

A haven of rest for weary souls,
Green islands of the sea,
Where nature yields to troubled hearts
Her sweetest minstrelsy;
Here, calm and quiet, like a dream
Around the spirit flow,
And in these groves, we half believe,
The Lotus flower may blow.

*Casco bay, situated on the coast of Maine, and a favorite resort of summer tourists.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Among the most finished works of American art may be reckoned the

BRYANT VASE,

of solid silver, presented by the Century Club to the poet William Cullen Bryant. It is placed on exhibition in Memorial Hall, in what is known as the Grand Central Division, and is of a chaste and beautiful design. Around the bottom are rows of water-lily leaves and water plants. Above are ranged stalks of Indian corn in full and ripened ear. On one side is a wonderfully executed head of the poet himself, done in repousse. Smaller tablets on each side represent scenes from the life of the poet—one depicting him in his library, which is the finest of the four smaller tablets. A tablet on the opposite side of the vase represents an allegorical design of the Muses of Poetry and Music. Resting upon lilies is a small open book, with "Matthew" on one leaf, and "Chap. VI. verse 28, 29," on the other.

The carving of the raised flowers which ornament the exterior of the vase, the exquisite tracery, the perfection of the *repousse* work, cannot be too highly commended.

We have, however, seen also the first design offered by the Gorham Silver Manufacturing Company, and think it more beautiful even than the present vase. The form is more striking in every way.

In the vestibule of Memorial Hall there is a very remarkable statue, by Miss M. Foley, of "Zion," the captive city, representing a female sitting with outstretched, appealing hands, and an indescribably pathetic expression of dumb agony upon the tearful face. About the base are the vases from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, commencing "Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her," and "Behold, O Lord, for I am in distress," etc. One can hardly look upon it unmoved, so wonderfully is the marble informed with the real spirit of the subject.

At last the Russian pictures are ready for an admiring public. There are not a very great many, but some are of a marked excellence. The sea pieces, and one called

A SHOWER IN THE CRIMEAN MOUNTAINS,

are especially good. In the latter, the different shades of grey in the mist and passing showers, are rendered with a marked fidelity to nature. One can almost fancy the low hanging clouds drifting slowly past. The same artist who painted it contributed six others:

"A STORM ON THE BLACK SEA NEAR THE CRIMEAN COAST," AND "TARTAR WOMEN IN THE CRIMEA,"

being entirely opposite in coloring, one all grey and slate-blue, and the other a mass of rich tints; yet both are beautiful. The artist bears the unpronounceable name of Aivagowsky.

THE "ROMAN THERMAL"

is noticeable for the excellence of the flesh tints and the finely outlined limbs of the figures. A fine "point" is to be seen in a small group in the foreground. A beautiful but wilful little one, just from the bath, sits upon a cushion, holding a long, golden pin in her dimpled fingers, with which she has just stuck her little colored nurse, who holds her arm and wears an expression of pain and wrath, excellently well portrayed. The rich coloring of the nurse's apparel, the contrast of the dark, Moorish face with the fair, but naughty child, is very beautiful.

"AN ORPHAN CHILD,"

by Lemoch, shows the interior of a peasant's house. The father sits caressing a fine, lovely boy of a few summers, while the mother stands smiling at his side. Behind them stands a poorly-clad, ragged girl, unnoticed and uncared for, and gazes with wistful, longing eyes upon the family group, herself alone without home or friends in the world. It tells its own, sorrowful story.

"Blessing the Bride" is another painting, and illustrates the Russian custom of blessing the daughter before the ceremony of her marriage. The father stands with the bible in his hand, while the mother holds a loaf of brown bread and a small vessel of salt above the head of her kneeling daughter.

There is a fine portrait of the Czar; and also some graceful busts in marble in this room—one of

THE POET "MICKIEVICZ,"

and one of "Sophia," the subject of one of his poems. A relief of the Madonna and Child Jesus is very beautifully done.

Crossing over to the Main Building, we find something very interesting, and which we do not remember to have before seen. It is in the United States Department, and is an

ARCH BUILT OF RAILROAD IRON.

It is the work of the Cambria Iron Company, and contains over *sixty tons* of iron. The rails are laid one above the other, and when needed to outline the form of the arch are bent in the shape desired, thus showing the flexibility of the steel. The word "Cambria" is made in the same iron rails, cut into shape and placed over the front of the arch, on each side, also, 1876. Specimens of the ore in various stages are grouped here and there.

From the ponderous to ease and grace we go, and so find an embodiment of this last in the Austrian Department, in the shape of an exquisitely designed

CHANDELIER OF AMBER.

Both the polished, transparent and the dull or opaque amber are used in the forming of this beautiful specimen of skill. It has six branches for the reception of candles, each holding four. A balustrade of amber with railings of clear amber, combined with supports and upper bar of the opaque, surrounds the branches at the lower part. Pendants of the transparent have figures of swans, etc., carved upon the stem, and are almost as beautiful as cameos.

A FLOWER VASE

of the same material may also be seen in this case. It is in form somewhat like a lily, having leaves surrounding it, and buds, and is rarely beautiful. A large lump of amber in the crude state is also shown, and is of a variety of tints of yellow and brown.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES

with elaborate groups carved upon them, and heavy amber handles, are here. In fact this especial case may be considered as gotten up expressly for "lovers of the weed," for never was there a more varied exhibit of pipes, segar holders, etc., than is to be seen here. Some of the meerschaum pipes are most artistic in design. One, representing a girl and boy standing beside a tobacco plant, the boy holding a leaf broken from the plant, over the head of the girl, is pretty enough to be sufficient excuse for any masculine imitator of Sir Walter Raleigh's purchasing it, and afterwards devoting his mind to the proper coloration.

Another has a design of wolves attacking a sled. A fine group in the meerschaum clay has a shepherd boy at the top, carrying a young kid, while the anxious mother follows beside him bleating to her baby. About the base are different domestic animals in relief.

In this department we are shown the

LARGEST OPAL IN THE WORLD,

weighing 202 karats, and valued at eight thousand dollars. It is uncut and shows the quivering, varied tints of this beautiful "pearl with a soul" very clearly. Under certain lights it seems almost to palpitate before one's eyes, as if really the soul were struggling to free itself from its frozen prison.

There is a very noticeable display of

PAPER FLOWERS

shown here too. We can hardly credit the fact that they are really of paper, as we look (closely too) at the delicate rhododendrons, and "Canterbury Bells," the half-withered daffodils, seeming as if touched by a late frost.

Passing near the exhibit from the

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,

we suddenly remember, with a pang of remorse, that we have hitherto failed to pay the "reverence due" worthy Queen Emma, who displays many curious articles and mementoes belonging to the late Kame-ham-cha IV. The celebrated

"FEATHER CLOAK,"

belonging to his majesty, and indeed descending to him from the race of kings whose line ended at his death, is very beautiful. It is only a cape, eleven inches in depth, and is of a brilliant yellow. Its value is estimated at six hundred dollars, on account of the variety of the feathers, and great difficulty in getting them. Only two are to be found upon the bird from which they are obtained, and these grow, one under each wing. In order to preserve the glossy sheen, and the very brilliant golden hue of the feathers, they must be plucked from the living bird. This latter is called the *Mamo*, or "King's bird." A kehela, or plume, of four or five feet in length, and intended to be held over the royal head when in a state procession, is also made from these rare feathers. Other kehelas are shown of brilliant, but less rare feathers.

A strange looking couch or bed, said to have belonged to Kamehameha I, is displayed, and consists of a number of mats woven from sea grasses and weeds. We must confess it looks more suited for the resting place of a rugged warrior, such as doubtless his defunct highness was, than a couch likely to woo balmy sleep, being by no means "downy," or otherwise inviting in appearance.

A horrible relic of cannabalism is shown in the form of a small vessel inlaid with human bones. Perhaps the unhappy Captain Cook, who is one's earliest memory of the Sandwich Islands, may thus be doubtfully immortalized by having his bones handed down to posterity. What a curious coincidence it would be if such were really the case, and the adventurous navigator's remains should in this form have returned to christian lands.

Among the exhibits is shown the

DRESS OF A CAROLINE ISLAND BELLE.

It is at least simple and well adapted for such weather as we had a week or two ago, consisting of a cape of no remarkable depth, formed of fine pieces of cocoa bark, and woven to fit the shoulders.

The most beautiful specimens of

PINK CORAL

are shown, unsurpassed by any from any other department. The peculiar tint of this coral is said only to be formed about the Micronesian Islands.

We were much interested in some specimens of cloth made from the inner bark of the

BREAD FRUIT TREE,

having fringe made from another species of bark. A cloak of this fibre is gayly decorated with tinted shells and must be brave attire for a young warrior.

Some beautiful specimens of native woods are shown, and also tables and bracket-shelves made from them.

Jars and boxes made from the kou and black koa are to be seen, and have a beautiful variety of tints in the grain veins, also susceptible of a fine polish, and possessing the quality of not cracking open or splitting.

THE CASE OF STUFFED BIRDS

having a fine display of native mosses and lichens about the bottom and the sides, is very attractive.

Next after leaving the Sandwich Islands, we find our feet straying toward the

FRENCH SECTION,

where a case of delicate watches attracted much attention from a surrounding group. In all sizes and forms are these Lilliputian watches to be seen. Inside a tiny enamelled locket by touching an invisible (seemingly) spring, you see a watch with the face the size of a three-cent piece, ticking, too, so as to be heard, the smallest tick ever listened to, however. Another is under the wing of a small pheasant, who has his literally golden feathers thickly covered with diamonds. This, we understand, is costliest of all.

In comparing the different exhibits of jewelry, for instance from Italy, Germany, Austria, England, India and the United States, we think we find a greater resemblance to French and Austrian work in the exhibits from the United States. The leading characteristics being lightness and grace of design, combined with a great neatness of finish, but, however, lacking the patient care bestowed by the Austrian and German workers, and the artistic forms of the Italian jewelry. In

FILIGREE WORK,

of which a great deal is displayed by nearly all the nations mentioned, it will seem surprising to mention the two together, being both geographically and nationally so oppositely placed as they are, but

ITALY AND SWEDEN

certainly excel in this kind of work. For beauty of design Italy bears away the palm, we having before alluded in detail to the exquisite display from Genoa, exhibited by Signor Sallo, a native of that city. Yet in workmanship Sweden is not far, if at all behind her southern sister.

In the display of silverware, America is unsurpassed. The Gorham Manufacturing Company having the finest exhibit of this metal we have ever seen. In their very handsomely disposed cases may be seen the celebrated

CENTURY VASE,

which is of solid silver, weighing two thousand ounces and standing four feet, two inches in height, while the pedestal is five feet, four inches in length. The central figure upon the top represents America inviting and giving welcome to all nations to join with her in celebrating this her "high holiday." The group below on the left represents the Genius of War, with her right hand grasping a torch, while in her left she hold a chain which keeps in check the "dogs of war." On the right is a group typical of the millennium, a lion led by little children.

Upon a medallion in front is the angel of fame, holding in one hand a palm branch and victor's wreath, and in the other a wreath of immortelles and picture of Washington. On the opposite side is a medallion having the Spirit of Philosophy with one hand upon a printing press, and in the other a portrait of Franklin.

The front tablet of the base represents Genuis writing upon it the record of the progress of the arts. There are figures of Europe, Asia and Africa at the base, bringing in their several offerings to grace the festival.

Another fine piece of art exhibited by this Company, is a large centre-piece representing the

INDIAN HIAWATHA

in a boat of silver lined with gold, and having a silver sail. Hiawatha carries a golden shield, and has a bison skin in gold. The boat rests upon a surface of polished silver, —representing water—on the bosom of which a most exquisite water lily floats—or seems to float. The exquisite modelling of the lily, the buds and leaves cannot be done justice to by description. It must be seen to be appreciated. Leaves of water plants and reeds are also beautifully represented in the same metal.

Around the base of the water is engraved the line from Longfellow's poem "All alone went Hiawatha, through the clear transparent water." An expression of thoughtful melancholy rests upon the face of the chieftain.

A cast in wax, silvered over, of

"THE KING OF THE PRAIRIE,"

A magnificent buffalo, ridden by a young and beautiful squaw, holding in her arms the baby son of her chief, and presenting him to the tribe as their future leader, is shown by this Company.

This cast is the most spirited and artistic one imaginable, and when rendered, as it is shortly to be, in silver, the richness of effect, aided by the contrast of the polished and oxydized metal, will be greatly enhanced.

Passing through the "outer edge" of the German exhibits, we are fascinated by the beautifully carved cameos. A finer collection, we do not suppose, of its size, can be found.

One especially struck us both for delicacy of carving and clearness of outline, as well as possessing the appearance of being double. It represents the fable of Actæon, watching Diana and her nymphs bathing in the river. Actæon is in the foreground, crouching among the reeds, while through them appear dimly showing, as through a veil, the beautiful forms of the

VIRGIN HUNTRESS,

and her fair attendants. Another of "Cupid's tormenting a Lion," is excellent; while the head of Queen Elizabeth, with her stiffly starched ruffs, and the profile head of good Victoria, in her younger days, are well rendered.

A specimen of "sand casting in Bronze Metal," arrests our eye. There are two shown, but the most attractive is one of two little chicks picking up grain. This method is comparatively new, and besides the two specimens mentioned, we do not meet with any others. It is an American industry, and the process is said to be so perfected now that not a grain of sand remains upon the metal, after it is removed.

Having occasion to pass through the Colorado and Kansas State Building, we must find a little space in this letter to say a few words more concerning its many interesting details.

We have before described the Exhibit herein contained of the celebrated Colorado Huntress, and her groups of animals and birds, trophies of her success in the chase.

To us, this is the most attractive of all the State Buildings possessing as it does, so varied an Exhibit—such grains and cereals of every kind are unsurpassed by any State. And the cases of

BIRDS AND INSECTS,

are unequalled. Now can we readily comprehend the amount of damage those giant grasshoppers are capable of doing, when we see the size of the curious insects themselves.

In the handsome Reception Room, there is an unusually fine case of minerals exhibited from Colorado—some specimens of ore bearing quartz, copper, silver, gold, etc., are rich enough in beautiful tints to be accorded a place among precious stones.

A GREAT LIBERTY BELL,

with the orthodox crack in it, made entirely of grain hangs from the ceiling of the Main Hall.

The Reception Room of this building seems to be universally popular, since go when you will, you find it thronged. A fine Piano stands invitingly open whereon the musically disposed may "discourse sweet sounds." Flowers adorn the windows and verandahs, and one or both of the very kind and courteous gentlemen who are the Commissioners from Colorado, are always on hand to answer questions and receive, with frank western hospitality, their guests.

Passing over to Agricultural Hall, we find a very interesting Exhibit from Liberia under superintendence of E. L. Morris & Co.

The principal exhibit is of Coffee. In the mill, and after it is ready for export by having had the outer hull removed. Two grains are contained in each hull. Before it is removed, and after being dried, it resembles a hazel-nut in size, and is a dark, dingy brown.

An odd looking model of a Loom is exhibited, being so small as to excite wonder if it can be practically applied. The cloth is woven in stripe of four or five inches in width and is then sewed together.

A bag or satchel for a lady is made of skin tanned with the hair on, and has six or seven braided handles of leather braided in narrow strips, and intended to be worn across the shoulders.

AN OSTRICH EGG,

very prettily painted with ships, in full sail, with quite a fine rendering of the water is shown.

Also, the "Gre Gree," or amulet to insure one against accidents and misfortune of all kind.

It consists of an odd-looking piece of paper written all over in Mohammedan hieroglyphics, and after being folded squarely it is worn about the neck.

Some interesting Photographs of the Morris place at Monrovia, and also, of some native boys taken direct from Africa, and sent to the Lincoln Institute are now on exhibition. They are taken before the lads received any Christian instruction and education, and then two years after, showing a marked difference of expression.

They are said to be very proficient in learning the languages, and very expert at gymnastics. Already some of them speak in three different languages. This latter combined with their strong religious feeling would seem to point to the fact that missionary work would be suitable for them. We shall find interesting matter to communicate in our next, the result of a visit to the Glass Works and Brewers' Hall, together with some of the State Buildings which we have not before been through.

We announce the fact from a sad and alas, penetrating experience, that when it rains over at the Centennial Grounds, it does it more thoroughly and soakingly than any where else—of this we now feel convinced.

HOME INFLUENCES.

There is music in the word home. To the old it brings a bewitching strain from the harp of memory; to the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Among the many songs we are wont to listen to, there is not one more cherished than the touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home."

Will you go back with me a few years, dear reader, in the history of the past, and traverse in imagination the gay streets and gilded saloons of Paris, that once bright centre of the world's follies and pleasures? Passing through its splendid thoroughfares is one (an Englishman) who has left his home and native land to view the splendors and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country. He has beheld with delight its paintings, its sculpture, and the grand yet graceful proportions of its buildings, and has yielded to the spell of the sweetest muse. Yet, in the midst of his keenest happiness, when he was rejoicing most over the privileges he possessed, temptation assailed him. Sin was presented to him in one of its most bewitching garbs. He drank wildly and deeply of the intoxicating cup, and his draught brought madness. Reason was overwhelmed, and he rushed out, all his scruples overcome, careless of what he did or how deeply he became immersed in the hitherto unknown sea of guilt.

The cool night air lifted the damp locks from his heated brow, and swept with soothing touch over his flushed cheeks. Walking on, calmer, but no less determined, strains of music from a distance met his ear. Following in the direction the sound indicated, he at length distinguished the words and air. The song was well remembered. It was "Home, Sweet Home." Clear and sweet the voice of some English singer rose and fell on the air, in the soft cadences of that beloved melody.

Motionless, the wanderer listened till the last note floated away and he could hear nothing but the ceaseless murmur of a great city. Then he turned slowly, with no feeling that his manhood was shamed by the tear which fell as a bright evidence of the power of song.

The demon that dwells in the wine had fled; and Reason once more asserted her right to control. As the soft strains of "Sweet Home" had floated to his ear, memory brought up before him his own "sweet home." He saw his gentle mother, and heard her speak, while honest pride beamed from her eye, of her son, in whose nobleness and honor she could always trust; and his heart smote him as he thought how little he deserved such confidence. He remembered her last words of love and counsel, and the tearful farewell of all those dear ones who gladdened that far-away home with their presence. Well he knew their pride in his integrity, and the tide of remorse swept over his spirit as he felt what their sorrow would be could they have seen him an hour before. Subdued and repentant, he retraced his steps, and with this vow never to taste of the terrible draught that could so excite him to madness was mingled a deep sense of thankfulness for his escape from further degradation. The influence of home had protected him, though the sea rolled between.

None can tell how often the commission of crime is prevented by such memories. If, then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make it pleasant and lovable! Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face does more to make good men and women that all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven;" and one might almost say the word home included them all; for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name for heaven? We think of that better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centres of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life, and drink the clear waters of a love which we know to be sincere and always unfailing.

KIND WORDS.

As the breath of the dew of the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated, or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chamber, and sing low, sweet, liquid strains, that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And oh! when the heart is sad, and like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul, will sweep the long-neglected chords, and awaken the most pleasant strains.

When, borne down with the troubles of life, we are ready to sink fainting by the way, how like the cheeeful rays of sunshine do kind words come. They disperse the clouds, dispel the gloom, and drive sorrow far away. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer by their memory a long, sad life. While words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victim.

Why is it, then, that we do not always seek by kind words to scatter sunbeams along the pathway of others?

NEWS NOTES.

THE well known French aeronaut, Durnof, is dead.

THE cotton worm has appeared unusually early in Mississippi.

THE colossal statue of Washington has arrived at Philadelphia.

UPWARD of 8,000 newspapers are read by the people of the United States.

THERE are twelve thousand men and boys in San Francisco looking for work.

FIFTY thousand persons belong to the order of Sisters of Charity the world over.

VISITORS to Saratoga, New York, this year must pay a fee of fifteen cents to enter Congress Park.

THE new Sultan Murad, of Turkey, is reported dying from *delirium tremens* and general debauchery.

THE Senate have passed the resumption repeal act into the hands of Sherman's committee on finance.

THE British Government has subscribed for 1,000 copies of Dr. Fallon's new Hindoostanee-English dictionary.

SENATOR Bayard received the honorary degree of L. L. D. at the recent commencement of Delaware State College.

IT is estimated that the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of this country contributed last year $800,000 to foreign missions.

HARRY Watterson, editor of the Louisville (Ky) *Courier-Journal*, was elected to Congress recently by an overwhelming majority.

THE Missouri Pacific Railroad has suddenly discovered that train conductors have robbed it of $80,000 during the last twelve months.

THE whole of Bayard Taylor's Centennial ode was published on the 8th of July by the London *Times* among its cable despatches.

ACCORDING to the latest Chinese circulars, there is a sudden reduction of raw silks available for export of 70,000 to 75,000 bales annually.

IT is said that the Turks are carrying about cart loads of women's and girls' heads in the district of Bazardjik, in order to terrify the inhabitants.

THE receipts for a year's license fees from gamblers in Virginia City were $20,000. The money is collected monthly, and gambling is in no way restricted.

THE Cincinnati Exposition will not be opened this fall, and many exhibitors from that part of the country are expected to patronize the Pittsburgh Exposition.

BOSTON uses six thousand dozen bottles of lager a day, while the saloon custom has much increased, though the sale of the stronger liquors has greatly fallen off.

THE weakness of the wheat market is ascribed to the doubt as to the condition of the stock gathered largely in moist weather and exposed since to the unusual hot weather.

MRS. ROSS, of Corpus Christi, is called the "Cattle Queen of Texas." She owns 75,000 acres of land, on which 15,000 head of cattle are fattened for market each year.

THE managers of the Lee Monument fund are trying to increase it by offering a lithograph of General Lee in return for all subscriptions of $10 made by schools or societies.

THE French Academy of Fine Arts has appointed a committee to edit a Dictionary on Fine Art. Complaint is made because no musician has found a place on the committee.

THE popularity of the Wimbledon prize shooting is annually increasing. This year the number of entries for the Queen's prize ran as high as 2,323, and for the St. George's prize 1,943.

THERE are seven ex-Governors of New York living, viz: Hamilton Fish, Horatio Seymour, Myron H. Clark, Edwin D. Morgan, Ruben E. Fenton, John T. Hoffman, and John A. Dix.

THE Russian clergy are getting up a subscription to erect a monument to John Fedorow, the first man who ever cast Russian types. He established the first printing press at Moscow, in 1553.

A CARRIER pigeon, set off at Scranton, Pa., the other day, reached New York in two hours and twenty minutes. This is said to be the fastest known time made by any pigeon in this country.

A GENTLEMAN at Agra, India, slapped and pulled the hair of a native servant, who fell and died soon afterward from rupture of the spleen, which was diseased. A magistrate inflicted a fine of thirty rupees.

IN the medical department of the University of Maryland there is a recess of some five minutes, and a change of room for the students, at the end of each lecture, and the room vacated is then properly aired.

A SPECIAL despatch to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from Brussels, says the Sailors' Home at Antwerp, for the creation of which considerable sums of money have been subscribed both in America and England, is now open.

SERVANTS' wages are falling in New York. Cooks are getting $15 a month instead of $20; chambermaid wages have fallen from $12 to $10; nurse girls to $6 and $8, and coachmen from $35 and $40 as low as $20.

A GENTLEMAN proposes to buy the sunken British iron-clad Vanguard as she lies at the bottom of the sea off the Irish coast. He thinks he can raise her, but will not make a contract with the Government to do so.

M. BELPAIRE, the Inspector General of Railways in Belgium, has accepted for use on the roads of that country a railway carriage resembling a tramway omnibus, affording room for fifty passengers, and carrying its own engine.

THE Czar of Russia has abolished public executions, which have hitherto been preceded by an exhibition of the condemned criminal on a black cart with a placard round his neck throughout the principal streets of the city, besides a parade for ten minutes under the gallows. In future executions will be within prison walls.

THE German musical papers think the artistic success of the Wagner festival at Bayreuth will surpass the most sanguine expectations. They judge from the rehearsals. No free pass tickets are to be issued. The applications for paying admissions already exceed the number which can be granted.

THE French are said to be acting in an outrageous manner on the western shore of Newfoundland this season. A letter in the St. Johns, N. F., paper, says that at Hillier's Harbor a French man-of-war drove out thirty Newfoundland fishing vessels, and warned them not to return. Some were towed out of the harbor, a British man-of-war looking on meanwhile.

TEACHERS of schools can visit the grounds and buildings, with their pupils, at twenty-five cents each.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hard times, about $1,500,000 has been expended in base ball clubs so far this season.

BOTH England and Russia are said to be busy with the plans for constructing a railway across Central Asia.

ARTHUR MORSE, a son of the late Prof. Morse, of telegraph fame, was killed by a railroad accident in Louisiana, last week.

THE streams and springs are lower in Virginia now than for many years, there having been no continuance rains since May.

FROM the New York *Bulletin* we learn that a Sheffield firm intend removing to this country, and establishing a manufactory of steel in New York.

AT a concert given on board the Britannic, of the White Star Line, during a recent voyage to Liverpool, $112 was netted for the Seamen's Orphanage.

THE White Star steamer, Adriatic, is said to have been chartered by the party of English members of Parliament who propose to visit the Centennial Exhibition.

A FRENCH Florence Nightingale has just died, at the age of sixty-eight. "Sister Martha," known in the armies of the Crimea and of Italy as the "little mother."

GENERAL Frank T. Nichols, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Louisiana, is a nephew of James Rodman Drake, the poet who wrote the "Culprit Fay."

THE Prince of Wales is a Field Marshal, Colonel of the Eighteenth Hussars, Rifle Brigade and Fourteenth Infantry, and Captain-General of the Artillery Company, so that he draws five salaries.

THE Lord Mayor of London would have visited us this year, only he has discovered that the Centennial Commissioners have made no special arrangements for the invitation and entertainment of Lord Mayors.

A PORTION of the Egyptian army has gone to Turkey to help fight the rebels; and as many of the officers are Americans, the spectacle will be presented of Christians aiding Mohammedans in subduing Christians.

LAST Wednesday, at St. Mark's Church, in New York, occurred the funeral of Mrs. Augusta C. Stuyvesant, whose husband was the great-grand-child of Peter Stuyvesant, the celebrated Dutch Governor of New York.

BECAUSE of reductions in letter-carriers' salaries, an immense petition of 50,000 citizens of New York was presented to Postmaster James yesterday praying for relief. Mr. James will probably bear this petition to Washington in person.

PRINCE MILAN, has pawned for 476,000 francs his sword of honor, and his wife, who declares that she will sell off her wardrobe before funds are lacking to prosecute the war for Serbian independence, has raised 3,000,000 francs on her Russian estates.

ON the 7th of August there was a competitive drill at Norfolk, in which the Petersburg Guards, Virginia Guards of Portsmouth, Attuck Guards and Virginia Greys of Richmond, Langston Guards of Norfolk, and Union Guards of Manchester participated.

THERE is a clock in one of the buildings which tells the month of the year, the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour of the day, the minute of the hour, and which is said to run for one hundred years with one winding.

A NEW Bedford man is going to paddle his own canoe to the Centennial Exposition. The canoe is fourteen feet six inches long, twenty-seven inches wide, nine inches deep in the center, and weighs fifty pounds. It is decked over, with the exception of a hole to sit in.

MR. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, has sent an invitation to the Canadian teams of whites and Indians to visit Newport, R. I., to play a match game at Lacrosse, under the auspices of the Newport Polo Club, offering to pay all travelling, hotel and incidental expenses.

THREE brothers, sons of one of the Siamese twins, jointly cultivate a fine farm in Jackson county, Mo., making a handsome profit on large crops of tobacco. They seldom refer to their parentage, and this makes their nearest neighbors seem to be ignorant of their history.

MR. Plimsoll, the seaman's friend, has received a flattering testimonial from the working men of Sheffield, in the form of a magnificent silver cup richly chased. Its weight is 136 ounces, its height is 30 inches, and it is mounted on black marble. Its cost was $950, and it was paid for entirely by the subscriptions of working men.

TEXAS exported 311,390 head of cattle, worth $1,113,009, in the first half of the current year, aside from all that were salted, smoked and dried. The cotton crop of that State this year is placed at 800,000 bales—an excess over last year's crop. Immigration has arrived from the northern and western, as well as from southern States, and continues to come from Europe.

A TRAIN on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which left Pittsburgh on the 2d inst., with military for the Centennial encampment in Philadelphia, was added to on the main line and at the Northern Central branch until it numbered one hundred and ten cars, in eleven sections, carrying over five thousand passengers, being the largest passenger train ever run over the road.

ON a recent occasion, when all the Atlantic cables were interrupted except the Direct, the entire business was done on this one wire, and the average speed maintained for 48 successive hours was 10½ words per minute, and the highest speed attained was 18 words per minute. Length of cable, 2,500 nautical miles. This is the fastest ocean telegraphy ever executed on a cable of equal length.

SITTING BULL, the leader of the copper-colored outlaws in the far West, is about forty years of age, powerfully built, and possesses much dignity of manner. His enmity to the Government has been such that he has never drawn rations or annuities. He has acquired considerable wealth for an Indian. Beginning with a few followers, he has gradually drawn about him all the desperadoes, particularly the young, of his own and other tribes. Notwithstanding his hatred of the whites, instances are said to have occurred where he showed personal clemency in an honorable degree.

THE Brussels *Independence Belge* recently publishes a special dispatch from Paris stating that the Turkish ambassador there denies the statement telegraphed to *Le Temps* from Vienna that the Porte will accept the mediation of the Powers regarding Montenegro. The ambassador admitted that it was probably accurate that the Porte had declined to negotiate with Prince Milan, considering that he had forfeited his rights and ought to be dethroned; that the integrity of Servia should be respected, but that the Porte would probably occupy Belgrade and Kragujevatz. The ambassador thought the intervention of the Powers at this time would be premature.

TWO SEASONS.

BY T. FERGUSON.

All in the glow of the glad Spring morning,
Why were the lambs so busy at play?
Why had the blue skies never a warning?
Why did the lark's song sound so gay?
Could they have known he would come that day?
Surely my heart must have whispered and told them—
Surely the flowers must have known it, too;
For the buds' pale bonds were too frail to hold them,
When the wind came out of the South to woo;
And "Ah," sang the thrushes, "we envy you!
Then straight up the path he came—my lover—
Straight up the path to the garden gate,
Across the brook by the bridge spanned over;
"Dear heart," he said, "we had long to wait;
Yet Love is mighty to compensate,
"And death, my darling, alone can divide us—
Not life," he said. But a shadow fell
On the brook that rippled along beside us;
And "Ah," sang the thrushes, "who can tell?
But now it is Spring, and all is well!"

Why are the leaves so brown and sober?
Why is the world so sad and strange?
A blight has come with the cold October,
The wind has room through the woods to range,
And hearts must alter as seasons change.
O larks, have you nothing to do up in heaven?
It seems so long since you ceased to sing;
But the brook still babbles from morn till even,
Runs on and cares not for anything,
Though all the thrushes have taken wing.
But what of the flowers? They are pale and dying;
No bloom nor odor have they to spare;
Their lover, the South Wind, has left them, flying
To other lands and to flowers more fair;
And death is heavy in all the air.
O prophet thrushes, the Spring is over,
The days are weary, my heart is sore;
For he came and went with the Spring—my lover—
And left me lonely for evermore,
Till dawn begins on the farther shore!

"DI. MERO" GOES TO CAPE MAY.

Everybody went to Cape May, Sunday. I went, but I'm not to blame for it. I was asleep early Sunday morning and was dreaming. I was dreaming of a moonlight ramble I once took across the apple orchard at home with a little dark-eyed damsel, (who has since married another fellow), and was just getting ready to help her over the fence, when—the world came to an end, and the chamber-maid yelled from the hallway outside: "Hooray! boop la! get up and let me make up that bed. I want to go to Cape May, to-day." I got up—for if there is any one in the world whose wishes I respect, it is an unprotected chambermaid. It was dark and I couldn't find the matches, but managed to form a partnership between a white stocking and a striped one, and put them on.

I sauntered out on the street, and was met by a beautiful and accomplished—hackdriver, who informed me that the Cape May boat would leave the wharf at precisely 7 o,clock.

"But I don't want to go to Cape May," I ventured to say.

"No diffunce, boss, no diffunce, she leaves jes the same—7 A. M. sharp."

I was hungry.

I always am.

I was born that way.

I entered a restaurant and called for a beefsteak and onions.

The waiter looked at me in blank astonishment. Then he shied off and took a perspective view.

"Onions, did you say?"

"Yes, Onions!"

"Ef dat don't beat de kingdom!" he exclaimed as he meandered into the kitchen, "Onions or Sunday mornin' and it leap year, too!"

Presently, he returned, bearing a piece of steak, which was evidently an invalid.

"Well, where are the onions?" I asked.

"To tell de trufe, boss, de cook's gwine down to Cape May to-day, and she ain't got time to cook de onions."

I arose with a mad resolve burning in my brain, and handed the cashier a five dollar bill.

He placed it in his drawer and whispered: "I'll hand you the change when I come back from Cape May."

I determined to go to Cape May. A street car was passing. I hailed it, and jumping in, planted myself on a Centennial cord.

It belonged to an old woman.

"Beg par——"

"Never mind parding now" she screamed, "but if you'd jes pare them feet down a little, you'd help the side-show business some. Cur'osities oughtn't to be exhibited free."

I reached the wharf.

The boat had gone.

A cabman offered to take me to the train for 75 cents.

I wrote out a contract and he signed it.

We reached the cars in time to hear the conductor yell:

"Pass'gers for Ca' May hind car, no babies admitted 'less they are deef'n dumb."

I hadn't any baby, and entered.

There was a vacant seat by a lovely pull-back, which I took.

The bell rang, the whistle sounded; one of the deaf and dumb babies developed a phenomenon as long and loud as a Sitting Bull war-whoop, and we were off. Presently, we came to a tunnel. Shall I ever forget it?

I don't think I shall.

We were in Egyptian darkness; I felt two round plump arms steal about my neck, a soft, warm cheek pressed fondly to mine, two ripe, pouting lips,—I knew no more. When I awoke to consciousness we were in broad daylight. I pulled out my watch to see the time—it was gone! So was the owner of the pull-back.

Just then a train boy danced in at the front door. He had an agricultural expression of countenance, and looked as if he had been pulled before he was ripe.

He didn't mention the Hamburg massacre, or seem to care when the Eastern question would be settled, but he could throw more glory into a pint of peanuts than any living mortal since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

At last we were at Cape May. The atmosphere was delightful. I began to perspire profusely, but attributed it to the salt air, for I knew that Cape May was a cool place.

In a few minutes my collar came off, then followed cuffs, but I never, for a moment doubted that it was very cool.

I felt homesick and went into the dining room of the hotel, and ordered cold lobster on toast.

"We're out o' lobsters on toast, sir, but can give you some nice huckleberry pie."

Now, if there's anything that I consider on a level with book agents and new mothers-in-law, it is huckleberry pie.

I declined with thanks.

Thinking that a lemonade would soothe me, I stole pensively into the bar-room and ordered one.

"No lemons to-day, pard," said the urbane barkeeper, "but we have some prime huckleberry punch."

I didn't wait to hear anything more.

Across the street was a sign bearing these cabalistic letters:

ICE COLD LAGER.

I determined to interview the proprietor. He smiled and said:

"Dere vas zome lager played oud all der dime to-day, und I gives you hoockleperry gockdall, ain't id?"

The amendment was not carried, and I entered the barber shop and told the barber to part my hair exactly in the middle and get me a revolver.

He said that he had no revolver, but "would like to offer me some nice huckleberry pom—"

He died without a groan.

I strolled out and sat in the shade of a flag pole, counted mosquitoes and mused.

Finally, I concluded to take a drive and called at a livery stable for a buggy, but the harness was second-hand, and I wouldn't have it. I never used second-hand harness but once in my life, and that time I broke the horse's neck and the crystal of a borrowed watch.

I returned to the city and asked for dinner at my hotel.

"What will you have, sir?"

"Anything in the world but huckleberries and second-hand harness."

It was brought and the curtain fell.

"DI. MERO."

LILY STANTON'S FORTUNE.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

If you had looked the state over you could not have found a merrier, happier group of girls than were in the dining-room of Stanton Place, on the morning of April 12th, 18——.

There were six of us, Lily Stanton, Mary Moore, Jenny Ray, Nan Black, Agnes Leighton and myself, and we were very busy stoning raisins, cracking almonds, and slicing citron, getting ready for Lily's birthday party, which was to take place on the next evening. Mary Moore and Jenny Ray had come from R—— the night before, Nan lived in the same town with the Stantons, and Agnes Leighton was to be their guest until autumn, when her parents would return from the continent. I was governess to the three little Stantons and consequently an inmate of the house, and Lily, Agnes and I looked forward to "gay times" in the coming summer.

The buds and bloom and brightness of spring were all around us, but the warmth was somewhere else, and we were not loth to obey Mrs. Stanton's command to "put down the windows" when we felt the chilly air on our heads and shoulders. Stanton Place was in the suburbs of the town of L——, just out of its din and bustle, but near enough for all the peddlers, beggars, and agents to visit. Mary Moore had just commenced to tell us of a spiritual meeting she had attended in R——, when something darkened the window, and looking up we saw a woman standing there with a variety of baskets in her hands.

Mary was nearest the window and she opened it.

"Buy some of my pretty baskets, ladies," she said, looking quickly and sharply into our faces.

"She's a gypsy, Ruth," whispered Lily to me.

We declined the baskets and then she said:

"Have your fortunes told, pretty ladies; I will tell them true; I see much in your faces that you know not of, much that has not come to you in your dreams, much that you have not seen in the stars. Let me reveal it."

"She looks poor," whispered Lily again, "let us help her a little, even if she does tell us a string of nonsense." Then aloud to the woman: "Come in, we will have our fortunes told."

The woman entered. She had the black eyes and dark skin of her race, but was not dressed gaudily; on the contrary her dress was very plain and thin, and she shivered as she came in and warmed her hands over the fire before she spoke to us or even looked at us.

She commenced with me. She told our fortunes in a sing-song, rhyming way, and her voice I think was the sweetest I ever heard. We were charmed with her as well as with her picture of our future.

At last there were only left Lily and Agnes, to whom the future was uncertain. Lily crossed her palm with a silver half-dollar and the gypsy, after a quick glance into the blue eyes luminous with the sunshine of love and kindness, told her fortune. As nearly as I remember it was this:

"Another's loss will be your gain;
Your joys will cause another pain;
Your hopes will be another's fears;
Your smiles will cause another tears;
That which will make you bright and glad,
Will make another wild and mad;
One love will gladden all your years;
The morning of your marriage nears;
The night you sleep upon his breast,
She in the arms of death will rest."

The gypsy dropped her hand and moved noiselessly over to where Agnes was sitting with a basin of almonds on her lap. Imagine our surprise when she quietly and haughtily refused to give her hand to the woman, saying that she did not believe in such things, and keeping her eyes fixed on the nuts she was cracking. The woman gently lifted her face, looked searchingly, almost pityingly, into her dark eyes and then whispered:

"Of thyself beware, beware,
In thy madness have a care,
Lest thou Death's white garments wear."

Then she took her baskets from the table and silently left the room. We laughed at Agnes for her lack of faith and told her to heed the gypsy's doleful warning, and in a half hour's time we had forgotten all about it. Afterward, when the smallest word and deed was remembered distinctly, the memory of that warning, whispered by the black-eyed, sweet-voiced gypsy-woman came back to us more vividly than anything else.

The next evening the large parlors at Stanton Place were filled with young people and of them all our Lily was the loviest and fairest. She wore a blue silk with pearls (her birthday gift) at her throat and in her hair. She was a beautiful blonde, but the beauty of her face seemed not to be so much in the delicate contour and snowy complexion as in the ever-varying expression. It was the index to her heart, the table of contents to a book all pure and sweet.

During the first intermission, while Lily and I were resting on a sofa in an alcove, Agnes Leighton brought her cousin, Carl Addison, and introduced him. He asked Lily for the next dance, which she promised him, and when the music commenced he led her away and Agnes took her place by me.

"Isn't he splendid?" she asked, her eyes following him admiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "and how well they dance together. He waltzes superbly."

"That is his German blood," she said "his mother is a German woman."

"They are the handsomest couple on the floor. Is he engaged?" I inquired innocently.

"No—that is—no, not exactly engaged" she stammered, "but it is generally understood—dear me! how very warm it is here," and she stopped abruptly and fanned herself.

"Where does he live?" I pursued.

"He is going to live here this year, I believe. He boards at the National. He came day before yesterday and Mrs. Stanton gave me permission to invite him here to-night. He is just splendid. He is so good and noble that no one can help liking him. He is the best cousin I have; we have been intimate for years—indeed, ever since we were quite small. He will be a frequent visitor here during the summer I think."

I heard all this but understood it not until afterward. Mr. Addison *was* a frequent visitor to Stanton Place after the night of the party, and he was always a welcome one. Agnes had spoken only the truth when she called him good and noble, for so we all found him.

At first his visits were general, but when the May-bloom had given place to the June roses we all some way felt that they were intended for Lily alone, and we very considerately left them to themselves.

As the days grew warmer and longer Agnes seemed to lose her vivacity, and the rich peach blossom faded from her cheeks, leaving them colorless and waxen-white. There was a wistful, pained look in her eyes, and she seemed to droop and sicken gradually, yet seemingly without any disease. Motherly Mrs. Stanton was alarmed and urged her to see their family physician.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Stanton," she would say with a peculiar smile, "it is nothing but a headache to which our family are all subject, and you know I cannot get used to the warm weather. The summers are much cooler where I live."

And with this explanation we were forced to be content.

One moonlight night in July Lily came to our room earlier than usual. She had been sitting on the veranda underneath the window with Mr. Addison, and the low murmur of their voices had reached Agnes and me as we sat near the open window enjoying the cool, fragrant air and the soft moonlight. Agnes' head rested on my shoulder and for some time we had been silent. At last I spoke.

"Agnes, do you know," I whispered confidentially, "that I believe Lily will be your cousin some day. What do you think?"

"If you knew what a headache I have you would not talk to me," she answered wearily.

Poor child! Afterward I knew she meant the heart-ache.

Soon after we heard the gate close behind Mr. Addison, and as Lily came lightly up the stairs Agnes kissed me silently and left the room.

"Where is Agnes, Ruth?" Lily asked as she sat down on a low stool and laid her head in my lap.

"She has just gone to her room," I answered.

"I will go and tell her to come back. I want to tell you both something."

"Don't go," I said detaining her as she was rising, "she has a bad headache. Tell it to me alone."

"Can't you guess what it is?" she asked shyly.

"I think I can, dear," I answered; "you are engaged to Mr. Addison. I have expected it."

"Yes, and I am so happy," she murmured, lifting her face, rosy with blushes, to mine. "I am so glad and happy, it seems like a dream. Will Agnes be glad, do you think?"

"Certainly, she will be delighted," I answered, little dreaming of the aching heart that was beating with pain-throbs in the next room.

We sat and talked until the town clock struck twelve. Then I told Lily to go to bed, and I went down to the dining-room for a drink of water.

As I passed the door of Agnes' room I heard the sound of smothered sobs, and I paused and listened. Yes; I was not mistaken; she was weeping and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. Like a flash there came into my mind the first four lines of Lily's fortune as told by the gypsy-woman in April:

"Another's loss will be your gain;
Your joy will cause another pain;
Your hopes will be another's fears;
Your smiles will cause another tears."

It was plain to me at last. The cause of Agnes' headaches, and lustreless eyes and pale cheeks was clear. She loved her cousin Carl and he loved Lily. Her loss was Lily's gain, and I longed to go to her and comfort her, but something prevented me.

Then I wondered vaguely if Carl had ever loved her or had led her to think he did, and I resolved to watch them both closely. I thought I would not tell Lily of what I had discovered, but when I awakened the next morning and heard her talking and laughing merrily with Agnes in the next room, I was sorry that I had not saved the poor child the pain of hearing from Lily's lips what was the death-blow to her future happiness.

A few days after something happened which made me think it necessary to tell Mr. Addison the state of his cousin's feelings; for, after close observation, I saw that he was utterly ignorant of her passion for him.

I was in the school-room one Saturday morning, writing a letter when one of the servants came in, closed the door and said:

"Oh, Miss Ruth!"

"What is the matter, Norah?" I asked. "Your face is as white as if you had seen a ghost. Where have you been?"

"Sweeping Miss Agnes' room. See what I found there," and she held out a paper containing something white.

"What is it?" I inquired; "sugar?"

"Sugar," she repeated. "It's arsenic."

"Arsenic!" I exclaimed, "you are crazy, Norah. Where did you find it? How do you know it is arsenic?"

"I changed the mattrasses and it was between them. The first part of the label was torn off, but I saw 'nic' on it, and besides I know it when I see it. We've used it to poison the rats in our room. Oh, Miss Ruth, is she crazy. Me and the cook was a-talking to our cousins last night on the dining-room steps and we heard her laugh—the wildest laugh. She was in her room and you and Miss Lily were in the parlor with your beaux, and I know she was alone. She only laughed once, but it sent the cold chills a-running down my back—it was so sudden like. Do you think that she is all right?"

"Of course, Norah, She laughed in he sleep, probably. She had a violent headache last night. Leave the paper with me and don't say anything about it to any one. I will take care of it. I hope you are mistaken about it's being arsenic;" and I sent the girl to her work again.

I knew she was not mistaken. I knew the paper contained arsenic, and as I held it in my hand, another fragment of Lily's fortune came into my mind:

"That which will make you bright and glad,
Will make another wild and mad."

I felt that it was my duty to tell Mr. Addison of it, and I prayed for an opportunity to do so. My prayer was answered speedily.

The rector's wife was in the parlor with Mrs. Stanley and Lily, when Mr. Addison drove up to the door to take Lily out riding. She could not go and told him to take me instead, which he did. He invited Agnes, also, but she declined to my secret joy. When the dust and noise of the town were far behind us, and we were riding slowly to enjoy as much as possible the quiet and coolness of the country, I said:

"Carl," (he was Carl to all of us,) "was Agnes ever disappointed in love?"

"Not to my knowledge," he answered. "What put that into your head?"

"Because—because—I—she acts rather—" and here I stopped abruptly.

"How does she act? Does she—tell me all about it, Ruth," he said turning toward me with an alarmed look in his eyes. "Don't keep anything back."

Then I told him Norah's story and took the paper of arsenic from my pocket and showed him.

"My —," he muttered under his breath, "is it commencing so young with her. God help her." Then he said to me:

"Ruth I believe you can keep a secret; I am going to tell you one. Perhaps you do not know that my uncle Leighton's present wife is not Agnes' mother, but such is the case, though Agnes herself does not know it. Her own mother died when she was but four years old and *died by her own hand*. She slowly poisoned herself to death. Her grandmother and one of her mother's sisters died in the same way, but there were no signs of the suicidal monomania before the age of thirty. She has inherited it from her mother. With her it commenced, I am told, with sudden pallor and an inclination to solitude. Have you seen anything like this in Agnes lately?"

"All of them," I answered, when I had recovered from the shock his announcement had given me. "Have you been blind that you have not noticed the change?"

"Not blind, but very happy," he answered. Then he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Read it," he said.

I did so. It was from his uncle, offering him an enormous salary if he would oversee a branch of their business in Geneva.

"Well?" I inquired as I handed it back to him.

"Well," he repeated, "I don't want to go alone."

"In other words, you want to be married first."

"That is it exactly," he answered, "and I want you to use your influence in my behalf with mamma Stanton, I fancy I can overcome Lily's objections."

"But it is very sudden, I am afraid there isn't time enough to get ready," I said doubtfully.

"There's plenty of time—six weeks," he replied, with the ignorance of a man who knows nothing of ruffles and puffs and tucks.

I laughed. Then I said:

"But Agnes, Carl. What can we do for her."

"We can do nothing, Ruth, except to pray for. It may be that this spell of melancholy will pass away as it came—suddenly. We will try and keep her more with us in the future."

We found Mrs. Stanton more easy to be persuaded to consent to a hasty marriage than we had dared to hope. Lily had never been abroad, and her earnest desire to go at last overcame all the objections of her over-indulgent mother, and we began to make preparations for the wedding. It was to take place the third week in September and it was already the tenth of August, so every pair of hands in the house was pressed into service.

Agnes was herself again and worked with the rest. She was still pale, but she was lively and her eyes were brighter than they had been.

My fears vanished and I echoed Carl's whisper "she is all right," and in the hurry of the wedding preparations forgot my former anxiety.

"One love will gladden all your years;
The morning of your marriage nears."

I quoted as the bright sun shone through the curtains and awoke us on the morning of Lily's wedding day.

"I had forgotten about that gypsy," she answered as she kissed me, "but I am glad the sun shines, for 'happy is the bride that the sun shines on.'"

The marriage ceremony was performed at noon. Agnes and I were the bridesmaids and never shall I forget how wistfully she looked in Carl's eyes when he bade her farewell, and how sadly she said: "Good-bye, good-bye; remember me always as I am now, Carl."

It seemed as if the sunshine faded when the carriage containing Lily passed out of sight. The house was filled with guests, yet, I had not felt so lonely for years and as evening came on a restlessness, a sort of presentiment of evil, undefined but fearful, took possession of me. My room was occupied by a sister of Mrs. Stanton, and I slept with Agnes. It was midnight before I closed my eyes and I envied Agnes her light peaceful slumber.

At last I slept, deeply, heavily, and did not awaken until the breakfrst bell rang next morning. Agnes still slept.

"How white she is," I thought.

I laid my hand lightly on her cheek. It was as cold as ice and she was perfectly motionless.

"What can be the matter with her," I said to myself.

Then the last two lines of Lily's fortune came to my mind:

"The night you sleep upon his breast
She in the arms of death will rest."

I sprang from the bed and my screams soon brought up the family. The physician who lived near was sent for, but he only confirmed our fears.

"She has been dead for hours," he said. "She took poison."

Search was made and the poison was found. It was an acid, sure and deadly in its effects.

All this happened years ago. Lily and I speak of her sometimes, always tenderly and with tears.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscape, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavitives of a grain of sand.

Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT I ADD MY TESTIMONY to the excellence of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. I have used it in my family for several years, and can truly say that I know of no medicine equal to it for checking and curing the frequent Coughs and Colds to which children are subject at all seasons of the year. I have also realized great benefit from it myself, and have recommended it to others, who almost invariably have learned to value it. I always prescribed it to the students under our care when necessary, and the teachers willingly add their testimony to mine in praise of this medicine.—*J. S. Edwards, Principal of Providence Conference Seminary, East Greenwood, R. I.* eo.]

ALANSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 527 and 529 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

HEART LONGINGS.

BY FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN.

Fair and pure the sunlight dancing on the wall;
Bright and gay the pictures smiling in its ray;
I hear from my window the tiny blue-bird call
Softly to its mate in the maple o'er the way.
And still there's a tinge of sadness ever in my heart—
A low, unuttered cry as of sorrow or unrest;
Sometimes the unspoken tears will, all unbidden, start,
And a weary, weary load seems pressing on my breast.

I am not be unhappy—my life is full of joy,
And blessings all innumbered, are showered on my head;
For God is very good to me—His pleasures ne'er will cloy,
And none can really mournful be who in His light doth tread;
But there's a harp within the heart—at least there is in mine—
Whose chords, so very low and sweet, oft-times get out of tune;
Sad thoughts will gather in and 'round its strings entwine,
Till the music of that harp is hushed like a breeze in June.

My harp is all unstrung to-day—its notes are low and sad;
I miss the music which was wont both heart and soul to thrill;
One voice alone the void can fill, and make me gay and glad;
One touch can rouse the slumbering harp, and sweep its strings at will.
Heart longings! Oh! how strangely sweet and pure they seem to be!
Like golden anchors dropping near the shores of a fairy land;
Like silken sails that flaunt and furl, tempting me out to sea;
Like angel voices urging me to clasp a stronger hand!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXV.

"HAD SHE BUT KNOWN."

Cynthia had felt a restraint in the presence of Naomi's lover, and had striven to avoid him. But the days in which she did not see him seemed desolate and empty; and then, not weighing the consequences or meaning of her acts, she weakly yielded to the desire to be in his company, and allowed herself to be the companion of Naomi's walks, the sharer of her lover's attentions. This was the sin she now looked back upon as the black spot in her life—this was when she had suffered the tempter to overtake her steps, to walk by her side.

O, happy fatal afternoons in wood or wilderness—on the hills—by the malachite and purple sea! She could see the bright face looking up at her; she could hear the low, thrilling voice reading sweet, sad verse that seemed to speak straight to her heart—to have been written and meant only for her; she could see and hear the earthly tempter even now, in this hour of penitence and grief.

"Oh! if I had never seen you, if I had never known you, I should have been innocent and true all the days of my life; worthy of Joshua's noble heart."

She could pray no more. She sat upon the ground, lost in foolish memories, recalling her first days at Combhollow, and all the peaceful time, before she had given up her soul to this guilty dream. She remembered that autumn afternoon, the first time she saw Oswald—she standing by the hearth, with her bonnet in her hand; he coming in at the door.

"And he was nothing to me," she thought, wonderingly. "If he had died that night, I should only have been sorry for Naomi's sake."

She had thought him handsome—different in every way from all other men she had ever seen—a new creature. He was like a picture that Joshua had shown her in an old country-house they went to see in their brief honeymoon—the portrait of a young man in dark-green velvet clothes of a curious fashion, with fair hair falling on his shoulders, and a melancholy look in his eyes. How often she had seen that melancholy in Oswald's eyes, after the Squire's death, and had known only too well that it was not grief for his father that made him sad!

How gradually it had crept into her heart, this weak, wicked love! Had it come like a bold assailant, she could have repulsed it; but sweetly, slowly, gently, like the tender dawn of a summer morning, this new light had overspread the sky of life. How should she bear her life without it?

"Duty, duty," she cried, wresting herself from this web of foolish memories. "Oh, let me remember all I owe my husband; let me remember how I worshipped him one little year ago: what a grace and honor I counted it to be chosen by him. I loved him because he was the best and wisest of men. He is best and wisest—kindest, truest. Whom have I ever known to equal him?"

* * * * * *

When Naomi went down to the parlor, a little later than usual, on the morning after that last reading of Werther—languid still from yesterday's headache—she found a letter from Oswald on the chimney-piece. Cynthia was sitting at work by the window—just where he had sat yesterday. Judith was washing the breakfast cups and saucers in a little crockery pan which she was accustomed to bring into the parlor for that purpose.

DEAREST:—I have made up my mind quite suddenly to go to London, and inquire about Arnold's ship. It seems such a strange thing that I have had no answer to my letters, and I am getting really uneasy. I shall go to Lloyd's—or whatever the right place may be to obtain information about a ship in the merchant-service. Forgive me for going away so suddenly, and without waiting to say good-bye. An irresistible impulse took hold of me. I shall only stay long enough to make all needful inquiries and to take a hasty look at the city; and I shall write to tell you how I get on. God bless you, dear, and good-bye.

Your always affectionate
OSWALD.

Naomi read the letter twice over, surprised at this sudden impulse in Oswald, who was not subject to impulses, or at least not subject to carrying out their promptings when they prompted immediate action. He was rather of a dreamy temperament, never doing anything to-day which he could possibly put off till to-morrow.

She read the letter a third time aloud to Cynthia.

"Did he say anything about this yesterday?" she asked. "Had he any idea of going to London?"

"I think not," answered Cynthia, working steadily. Oh, blessed mechanical click-click of the needle, which went on with its measured pace while the pulses of the heart throbbed so stormily! Naomi gave a little sigh as she folded the letter. It was hard to lose him for an indefinite time, were it ever so short. And her wedding-day seemed so far off now. The neglected old Grange no longer awaited her with its sober, old-world look—the look it had worn since her infancy. Confusion had fallen upon the old house, and Naomi felt as if she could have no part in the new house which was to arise from this chaos. Money was being spent recklessly to make the grave old mansion fit for a fine lady; and Naomi knew that it was not in her to become a fine lady. All the money in the world would never make her like Mrs. Carew of the Knoll, who wore rouge and drove a curricle; or like Miss Donnisthorpe, the daughter of the master of the hounds, who hunted the innocent red deer, in a short green habit, with a gold band round her velvet hunting-cap.

"If he would only keep to the old, simple ways," she thought, looking back at the departed Squire's miserly plainness of living with a touch of regret, "I am sure we should be much happier; he would spend his money in doing good."

She knew, by the experience of one who had succored and cared for the poor, all the sad details of that dark picture which lies behind the fair outside of country life. That lovely landscape, rich in its variety of color as the Queen's regalia, is the theatre in which many a drama of sin and suffering, guiltless poverty and unmerited woe, has to be acted. Yonder cottage, whose thatched roof makes so pretty a feature in the view, shelters starvation: a mother toiling to feed her children, while their father lies in gaol for—a rabbit. Pinched faces, untimely wrinkles, meet the traveller in those delightful lanes where the wild apple and the clustering elder suggest to the poetic mind a land of milk and honey and pomegranates—faces marked with the brand of premature care, defiled by the cunning that is engendered of childish struggles with tyrants and taskmasters, and a hard, inexorable fate. Not in fetid alleys and festering London back slums only is man's fight with difficulty a bitter and crushing battle; but here even, where earth is a paradise, and the untainted sky an Italian blue, man starves and perishes, and learns to curse the unequal destiny that gives his master all, and him nothing.

Naomi knew what poverty meant in a rural district; and she longed for the power to help and improve, and to use the knowledge which experience had given her. She had talked to Oswald of the laborers' homes on his estate—hovels rather than houses—and had gently urged the need for improvement. He had put her off lightly, in his pleasant, yielding way; so full of grace and beauty in her sight, that she forgot the weakness it indicated.

"It shall be done, dear: 'The sooner, sweet, for you,' as Othello says. We will do wonders for the poor things. The Exeter architect shall make a plan—after we are married. You must let me finish the Grange first, and then I will do anything that you like; but I can't take the builder off that till his work is done." As if there were no other builder in the world!

CHAPTER XXVI.

SEEKING HIS LETHE.

Oswald was in London, trying to find his Lethe in the somewhat prosaic distractions of that capital; not the London of to-day, with its Viaduct and Embankment, and houses as tall as those of Edinburgh and Paris; is innumerable railway stations, and theatres, and restaurants, and music halls; but a city of narrower streets and more jovial manners. He knew no one, and put up at the busy commercial hotel at which the Western coach deposited him; taking no trouble to seek a more refined habitation. He made his inquiries about his brother's ship, and, after some trouble, found out the last port she had touched at in the China seas. Yet this was not much: for Arnold might have exchanged to another ship for anything Oswald knew to the contrary. But to gain intelligence about his absent brother had not been Mr. Pentreath's only business in London, or even his chief reason for going there. He went thither in quest of forgetfulness—to cure himself, were it curable, of a passion that threatened to be fatal at once to peace of mind and honor. He had torn himself away from Pennoyle with a wrench, thinking that to turn his back on Cynthia might be to forget her; but alas for youth's constancy to a forbidden dream! the sweet face followed him to the crowded city, and harassed him by day, and held him awake at night; the soft blue eyes betrayed love's sad secret; the tremulous lips seemed to him to murmur: "Yes, dearest, I love and pity you; though we are parted in life and eternity, I love—I pity—I deplore."

Not quite in vain had he loved her if she but loved him in return; though all hopes, dreams, delights that love could give—were it ever so erring—must be here laid down: a solemn sacrifice to duty and honor. Yes, there was much comfort—nay, more than comfort, a rapture that thrilled him—in knowing that he was loved. And he did most assuredly know it, though no admission had fallen from Cynthia's lips. Their spirits had touched, as flame touches flame, but a moment—swift as the quivering arrows of fire that flash and fade in an instant; yet the touch was a revelation. He did not doubt that she loved him.

He had never meant to speak of his love. This he repeated to himself deprecatingly in in his hours of remorse. Passion had forced his secret from him, and he despised himself for the confession that had dishonored him. He had meant to speak only through Werther; finding a morbid delight in dwelling upon the record of sufferings so like his own, half assured that Cynthia understood and recognized his passion veiled in the words of another; and then impulse and emotion had been too strong for him, and he had given loose to the desire of his heart, and disgraced himself for ever in his own eyes, and in the sight of the woman he loved.

"She could not look upon me without loathing after that wretched scene," he told himself. Yet the vision of Cynthia, which followed him everywhere, did not regard him with loathing, but with a tender pity, a sad, immeasureable love.

He tried to steep himself in London dissipations, knowing about as much of them as a baby. If he could have fallen in with the mohawks of the day—the gentlemen who went to Epsom races in a hearse, and wrenched off harmless citizens' knockers, or plucked out their bell wires; who drank porter with hackney coachmen and their watermen, and made bosom friends of prize-fighters—he would, perchance, have enrolled himself in that band of choice spirits, and tried to discover a new Lethe in the porter-pot, wherein the Corinthian Tom of the period was generally so fortunate as speedily to find that oblivion which goes by the name of Death. But Oswald Pentreath had no introduction to this patrician set, and was fain to seek for distraction in such simple pleasures as Vauxhall and the theatres, where he found something at every turn which reminded him of himself and of Cynthia.

Sometimes a face that had been sweet and fair flushed past him under the colored lamps in the Vauxhall groves—bright with artificial hues—in its venal smile, dimly recalling Cynthia's innocent beauty; sometimes a face upon the stage reminded him of hers, or a tone of voice in some young actress thrilled him like hers. Forget her! Everything in life was associated with her. He could not even remember what life had been like before he loved her.

He saw all that London could show him—parks, streets, theatres, gambling-houses, race courses, folly, extravagance, vacuity,—but found no forgetfulness. Nay, his passion grew and strengthened in absence. The aching void in his heart went with him everywhere. At the play, when the house was roaring at Tom and Jerry, and the charlies were being carried off bodily in their rickety old watch-boxes, Oswald sat staring blankly. His thoughts were in the parlor at Combhollow, acting that foolish scene over again—living again in the light of Cynthia's eyes—draining deep delight from every look—however sad, however reproachful—which told him he was beloved.

He did not yield himself up to despair without a struggle for one whom Nature had made of no heroic mould. He wrestled with himself, and tried to make a stand against the tempter, and had it in his mind to thrust Joshua's wife out of his heart, and to be faithful to Joshua's daughter. He would go back to Combhollow in a month or so, regenerated; and would hurry on his marriage, and begin a new life as a useful and worthy member of society.

"Arnold may be home by that time," he thought, "and the delight of seeing him again will make me forget everything."

In the meanwhile, he wrote twice a week to Naomi, decorous and amiable letters, describing all he saw, and telling nothing of his feelings or impressions—hardly one word of himself from beginning to end. Poor Naomi read and re-read the letters, and puzzled herself sorely about them. He seemed to be enjoying himself, for he was always going to theatres, and operas, and races; and he was staying in London longer than he had intended, which proved that he was pleased with what he saw. Naomi was contented to bear the pain of severance for the sake of his pleasure; but to be parted from him was a sharper pain than she could have thought possible before he went. Life was so empty without him! She had her father—always the first in her esteem, she had told herself; she had all her old home duties and home ties; but Oswald's absence took the sunshine and color out of everything.

* * * * * * * * *

A cloud had fallen upon that quiet household at Combhollow. A sharper pain than Naomi's sense of loss had crept into the breast of Naomi's father, and gnawed it in secret, while the strong man kept silence, ashamed of his suffering—nay, angry at the human weakness which made it possible for him to suffer.

That little scene with Cynthia—that unexplained mystery about the book called Werther—had not been without its influence upon Joshua Haggard's mind. He might have forgotten it, and gone on trusting implicitly—as it was his nature to trust where he confided at all—had he been true to his own instincts; but this privilege—the melancholy privilege of being happy and deceived—had not been allowed him. Judith had hinted, and whispered, and looked, and insinuated, and, without committing herself to any direct statement, had contrived to poison her brother's mind with a shapeless suspicion of his wife's purity.

Cynthia had drooped somewhat after that evening on which she sobbed out her despair upon her husband's breast. The pale cheek had not regained its wild-rose bloom; the sweet blue eyes had grown dull and languid. The young wife looked one who sickened under the burden of some secret sorrow. She was not strong enough to suppress the outward signs of a heart ill at ease.

Joshua saw the change; at first wondered at it, and then, enlightened by Judith's hints, began to suspect.

Cynthia was not happy. It was no bodily sickness which oppressed her, but a secret grief.

Was it that she regretted her marriage with him—that she had chosen him hastily, mistaking religious fervor for love? This seemed likely enough.

"How should she love me," he asked himself; "a man more than twice her age; grave—full of cares for serious things? Is it natural that she should find happiness in my society or in the life she leads here? Naomi is different; she has been brought up to this quiet life—to see all things in the same sober light. Cynthia was a wanderer, used to motion and variety—to crowds and noise. How can she help it if the longing for the old gipsy life comes back to her. How can I blame her if she wearies of my dull home?"

This is how he would have explained the change to himself; but Judith's oracular sentences hinted at something darker.

"What is it that you mean Judith?" he asked one day, with a burst of anger; "you and my wife speak fairly enough to each other's faces, and seem to live peaceably together; but there is something lurking in your mind—there is something underneath all this smoothness. Is it Christianlike to deal in hints and dark looks?"

"I should think it was Christianlike to stand by my brother," answered Judith, with her injured air, "and to consider him before everybody."

"Is it a sign of consideration for me to speak unkindly of my wife?"

"What have I said that is unkind? Perhaps it might be kindness to say more. There's things that can't go on without bringing misery to more than you, brother; but it isn't my business to talk about 'em if you've no eyes to see 'em for yourself."

"What do you mean, woman?

"Yes; things must have come to a pretty pass when my only brother, that I've toiled for and served faithfully all my life, calls me names. A minister, too, who preaches against bad language. But I knew what it would be when that young woman crossed this threshold. Good-bye family affection! The man who is led by a pretty face turns his back upon blood-relations. He's bound to follow where his new fancy leads him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IT WAS THY LOVE PROVED FALSE AND FRAIL."

With these random arrows of speech did Miss Haggard harass her victim and relieve her own feelings.

"Judith, do you want to drive me mad?" he cried with exasperation, "or to make me think that you are fit for a mad-house yourself? How has my wife offended you? What evil have you ever seen in her?"

He stood with his back against the parlor-door, facing his sister, with a resolute look in his dark eyes—resolute even to fierceness, which told her a crisis had come. She would be obliged to speak out; and to speak out was the very last thing she desired. Never before had she seen that sombre fire in Joshua's dark eyes. She quailed before the unknown demon she had raised.

"What is amiss?" he demanded savagely; "how has my wife sinned against purity, or against me?"

"I am not accusing her of sin," faltered Judith. "You shouldn't be so hot-tempered, brother; it isn't becoming in a Christian minister. I do not accuse her of sin; but there's foolishness which brings young women to the threshold of sin; and, once there, it is easy to cross over fire and brimstone. I say that a girl of nineteen is no wife for a man of your age; that Providence must have meant her for a trial of your patience: that's what I've always thought and shall always say, as willingly before her face as behind her back."

"Is this all you have to say? You might have said as much the night I brought my wife home. Is this the upshot of all your dark looks and insinuations? You have kept me on thorns for the last three weeks; and, driven into a corner, you can only beat about the bush like this."

His scornful tone stung her. To be ridiculed—to be made of no account in her brother's household—was more than Judith Haggard could bear. Whatever wealth of affection there was in her nature had been given to Joshua. He was the one man she believed in and honored, even when least respectful in her attitude towards him. She could not tamely see him wronged; and her jealousy of Cynthia was quick to suspect and imagine wrong. She had seen and heard enough to give force and meaning to her suspicions; and her bosom had been laboring with the weight of that secret knowledge. She wanted to tell Joshua—she wanted not to tell him. The secret gave her a sense of power. It was as if she held a thunderbolt which she might launch at any moment on the heads of the household; but the bolt once launched, and the domestic sky darkened, her power would be gone. Pity for Joshua she had none, although she loved him. He had wronged her love too deeply in marrying a nameless girl. It would do her good to see him suffer through his wife. She would stand by him afterwards—stand by him and console him, comfort him with her love, instead of Cynthia's. But Providence—and Judith as an instrument of Providence—meant him to suffer this ordeal.

"You've no call to make light of me," she said; "I'm not one to speak without authority. I can hold my tongue as I've held it for the last twelvemonth. Do you want me to speak plainly? Do you want me to say all I know?"

"All—to the last word," said Joshua, white with rage.

"Don't turn round upon me afterwards and say it would have been better if I'd kept my counsel."

"Say your say, woman, and make an end of it."

"Well, brother, I've seen a change in Mr. Pentreath ever since his father's death: absent looks—and smothered sighs—and restlessness—and no pleasure in life. Grief for his father, you'll say, perhaps; but is it likely he'd give way like that for an old man that kept him short of money, and hadn't anybody's good word? It isn't in nature."

"Who made you a judge of nature? But go on."

"Well, brother, I had my own ideas, and I kept 'em to myself, and should have so kept 'em as long as I lived, if I'd had no stronger cause for suspicion. But when I see a young man on his knees at a young woman's feet, and hear him asking her to pity him because he's miserable for love of her, and threatening to shoot himself, and the young woman sobbing as if her heart would break all the time—and that young woman my brother's wife—when things come to such a pass as this, I think it's my duty to speak."

"Lies!—lies!" gasped Joshua. "You see my happiness, and envy me! You hate my wife because she is lovely, as you never were; passionately loved, as you never were."

Judith laughed hysterically.

"I don't know about beauty," she said; "but I had a high color and jet black hair, with a natural curl, when I was a young woman—and that used to be thought good looks enough for any girl in my time—and I might have married a hundred and fifty acres of land and a flour-mill. But I'm sorry to see you so beside yourself with passion, Joshua, because I speak plainly for your own good."

"Is it for my good to tell me lies? My wife listening to Oswald Pentreath's wicked love! No—I'll never believe it."

"Turn it over in your own mind a little more before you call your only sister a liar. Have you forgotten the last afternoon Mr. Pentreath was here—when Naomi was lying down with a sick headache, and those two—Mrs. Haggard and the young squire—were alone together from dinner to tea; and you came home and found your wife all in a flutter, and as white as a sheet of paper; and I accused her to her face of reading a wicked book; and you turned against me to take her part; and she burst into tears in the middle of tea, and told you she was grateful to you, and would do her duty by you? What was that but a guilty conscience? Why, a mole could have seen through it! But a man of your age, who marries a young woman for the sake of her pretty face is blinder than the blindest mole. He has no eyes to see anything but the prettiness."

Joshua wiped the sweat-drops from his forehead with a broad muscular hand, that shook like a leaf. Never had his manhood been so shaken—never in all the trials of his early life, when to hold fast by his thorny path had cost him many a struggle, had he felt the hot blood surging in his brain as it surged to-day. There was a fiery cloud before his eyes. He could scarcely see his sister's face, looking at him full of angry eagerness, intent to prove her own case, to assert her own dignity—and with but little consideration for his anguish.

"Judith," he said, falteringly—and that strong voice of his so rarely faltered that its weakness had a touch of deepest pathos—"you are my own and only sister. I cannot think you would tell me lies on purpose to make me miserable. Forgive me for what I said just now. No; I cannot believe my sister a liar. I will not believe my wife unfaithful to me, by so much as a thought. But this young man is a weak vessel. Tell me—plainly—all you saw and heard."

"That's easily told. He had been reading that book to her?—Werther. I went in and out to fetch my thimble, and such like; and whenever I went in it was the same story: 'Didst thou but know how I love thee,' and 'Charlotte, it is decided—I must die,' and such rubbish; and there sat your wife, with her work crumpled up in her lap, staring straight at him with tears in her eyes. It was close upon tea-time, and I was going in again when I heard something that stopped me. The door stood a little way ajar—it's an old box-lock, and the catch is always giving away, as you know, Joshua—and I waited outside just to find out what it all meant, for I felt that I was bound to do that much by my duty to you. I could just see into the room. He was on his knees, holding her hands, and she sobbing as if her heart would break. He told her how he loved her, and asked her to pity him; and she never said him nay, only went on crying, and presently told him he was cruel; and oh, why did he read such a book to her! Because it was his own story, he said, and the only way he could find of telling her his love."

"And she did not cry out against such iniquity?" cried Joshua; "she did not reprove him for such wickedness—rise up before him in her dignity as an offended woman, and my true and loyal wife?"

"I heard myself called in the shop just at that moment, and I was obliged to go," answered Judith. "When I came back to the parlor, Sally was laying the tea-things."

"I will answer for my wife's truth and honor," said Joshua firmly. "I will pledge myself that she repulsed and upbraided this guilty young man as he deserved—that she looks upon his wicked passion with abhorrence. That was why she looked so pale—shocked to the heart, my gentle one—that was why she clung to me so piteously, seeking sanctuary in my affection. My lily—no villain shall sully thy purity while I am near to shield thee. My dearest! has the tempter assailed thee so soon—sin's poisoned breath so soon tarnished thy soul's whiteness? I will love thee all the more—guard thee more closely, honor thee more deeply—because thou hast been in danger."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANNABEL GREY.

Though I did not know it then, I think we hardly understood each other. They did not intend to treat me unkindly, yet they were not at all liked by me. I was given long tasks; I only tore my books and mumbled my lessons. They would teach me music; there was no answering chord in my soul. Dancing would not make me graceful. What wonder that they were discouraged, and called me an odd little thing, and wondered if I would ever make anything.

"Cousin Albert is coming to-day; so try to do as well as you can, Ann, lest he think we have taken under our charge a veritable little savage, without doing our best to civilize it."

"Cousin Albert, indeed! What do I care for him?" thought I, as half an hour later I ran over the field to a dell and grove, favorite haunts of mine, I laughed merrily—I could laugh here, in the spirit too. "Were I a fine lady, and handsome, like Julia, I might care probably."

I lingered hour after hour gathering soft mosses, and taking up the roots of violets and white lilies. Dinner was past, I knew, for I was very hungry. I had prepared myself for that, however, by dropping a cake in my basket.

"Cousin Albert is coming," had as good as proclaimed a holiday for me, and I determined to appropriate the day to my pleasure. I was not a parlor ornament; that was implied in the hint on my appearance; so I had taken my basket and slipped out unobserved. How joyously my hands would toss above my head! Here I could sing with the happy birds, and with something of a soul. But here I am, wading the little rill, without shoes or stockings, paddling in the water, and attempting to catch the tiny fish in my hands.

I must have been absorbed, for I heard no footsteps, yet there stood Julia, scarlet with shame, an impatient exclamation about to proceed from her lips. It was prevented by the intervention of a hand; that hand I was sure appertained to "Cousin Albert."

I had heard his name repeated until it had become almost a household word, and now I felt a curiosity which I had never before experienced. I wished to see what he was like; therefore, I did what I should never have dared do in Mr. Ball's parlor—I scanned him closely. Well, he was handsome, and therefore my aversion. I did not like handsome people. I found between them and myself a contrast too great to be pleasurable. I looked at my feet; my ears tingled with shame. But I was not to be looked out of countenance in this way, so I bent again, under pretence of catching fish, really to hide tears of vexation.

Julia's lips were no longer imprisoned.

"You can see, cousin, this is the wild little creature we have been so vainly endeavoring to tame. Ann—Annabel Grey, you must go back with us immediately; we came in search of you."

I must go, but how was I to get from the brook? I hardly dare take my feet from the water. I snatched my shoes from the edge of the stream, and darted behind a tree. Looking back I saw "Cousin Albert" convulsed with laughter, and Julia overwhelmed with shame. I was soon ready, but yet indignant. I would not return with them, but hastening on, I reached home, and was outwardly metamorphosed ere the languid Julia and her companion arrived.

That evening Albert Lander found occasion to remark to Mr. and Mrs. Ball upon the interesting position in which they had found me, while his dark eyes were riveted on my face. They then related, partly in extenuation of my faults, I suppose, the errors of my education. My mother died when I was but two years old, they said; I had ever since been petted by my father; spoiled in fact. I was allowed the whole range of wood and meadow as a resort when I pleased—and to conduct myself in the presence of his visitors as shyly and odd as I would. He had died, dear man, a year ago, leaving me to their care, and his affairs in a disordered condition. Whether they would be able to eradicate the effects of early pernicious habits, or secure to me any of my father's estate, was becoming to them every day a matter of greater doubt.

I had never before heard my father criticised. I was much grieved; it also made fresh my great loss. I saw him again pale with approaching death. I felt the pressure of his cold hand, and his dying words breathed faintly in my ears—"I can trust you, my child. Be true to yourself, Ann, and to God!" and with a burst of tears, I left the room.

Mr. Lander had thought me a strange child, I think, and his observations had been made a probe. The next day he made every attempt to conciliate me. But I received his kindness with repulse. I could not forgive him the conversation his last night's remark had called forth; besides I felt that he was nothing to me.

I had a month's school vacation—and greatly to my chagrin, it occurred during Mr. Lander's visit. For my improvement, I was expected to pass a portion of each day in the company of Julia, Mr. Lander, and such visitors as happened to call. One day I had been summoned to their presence, when Julia was soon after called away. Here I was left *tete-a-tete* with this dreaded hero. I sat quietly enough weaving a bright day-dream, in which figured one who was never to speak to me harshly, or look on me unkindly. I was at the height of ideal happiness, when an unpleasant conviction pushed itself between me and my vision. It was this—that I was in no way loveable. Then I recognized that it was a flower in the carpet upon which I had been so long gazing. Soon I felt that there were a pair of dark eyes fixed on my face; and before I had thought to control my own, my lids raised, and I was looking straight into the said eyes, that were regarding me much as a naturalist would examine some odd specimen.

"You are fourteen, Annabel Grey."

There was a look in his face I did not like, and almost made up my mind to return no answer. After hesitating, however, I assented.

"You are nearly fifteen," he added. "But your appearance does not indicate that age. Many a girl half as old would appear easier and more womanly. You are remarkably plain, too," he added.

I arose, red with anger, and hurried to the door. He intercepted me, and I sat down, giving way to a rush of wild weeping. When I had grown quiet, he asked me to forgive him what he had said. He had hoped to find me too sensible to care for personal beauty.

And I replied that I did care for beauty, and that I was sensible. That people who were uncommonly plain were never loved, but must bear slights and even insults all the years that it was their misfortune to live. Then he gravely but kindly set about doing away with my error, as he called it—the error common with young girls. He said that many plain people were loved more truly and steadfastly than those who were *only* handsome. "But," he added "you are some day to be beautiful. I see it dawning now; and let me warn you, it is a dangerous dower."

Then he told me that I should rely on whatever strength I possessed, and should not for a moment harbor the thought that others looked upon me with dislike or contempt. I understood the language of reason, and was not averse to friendly advice; and after this I promised, with little reluctance, to be less shy of him. And I learned to look on Albert Lander as an earnest friend. Julia soon caught his manner of consideration and respect; it was communicated to the household. I was quite a new character, and fell back on my own strength as erst in childhood, when I had one to love me.

"School begins again to-morrow," thought I as I sauntered down the path to the garden seat.

I did not think to find Mr. Lander there, but there he was. He asked me to sit down, he had something to tell me.

"Well, sir?"

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Ann. Will you regret my going?"

I had asked myself that question before that day, and had been unable to decide. I thought it over now; I had learned to value his society, but then I was going to school and my leisure I longed to occupy in some of my rambles at will again. Mr. Lander's stay would be an obstacle; I did not think of all his kindness just then, and pronounced an ungracious "I think not, sir."

"I think not, sir," he repeated. "You are ungenerous, Ann. I had flattered myself you would miss me. But who can read the heart? We have been very good friends, and I have something else to tell you before I go away."

I waited to hear what he had to say. It came at last.

"I am going to be married! It is not to take place soon; but when you have grown older and wiser, you will know how to appreciate my choice. You do not ask me who it is, but it will interest you to know. You must guess."

"Julia Ball?" I inquired.

"Guess again, Pussy."

I shook my head.

"You are a little simpleton," he said with a roguish eye, "or you would have divined ere this—I am going to marry you, Miss Annabel Grey."

"He is teasing me to make me angry," I thought; so I arose, and making a very grave curtsey said, "Thank you, sir."

"Nay, Ann, you are not taking me in earnest, but I never was more serious. You are soon to be established in a superior school; meanwhile I shall travel. At the end of three years I shall return a very hero in your eyes," he said, laughing, "and then you will marry me—eh, Ann?"

"Never," I answered, as soon as astonishment would let me speak.

I was then going on to give my reasons for refusal, when he interrupted me with "Bless me, child, who will ever marry such an ugly little thing if I don't?"

And then I answered, moving away, "I will never marry you, Mr. Lander. I will never speak to you again."

And then I heard the tones of a singularly sweet voice saying, "In just three years we will be married, Miss Annabel Grey."

The incidents of the evening I thought over in my chamber that night. That Mr. Lander was thoroughly serious in what he said I could not doubt. But why he should have selected a little girl, poor, plain, and unamiable, bewildered me for days after. I could not learn my lessons for thinking it over; and the beauties of fields and grove were all lost on me, through the endeavor to solve the problem. It was an era in my life; and when once established in school, I fixed my aim high and endeavored to reach it.

Sometime after the departure of Mr. Lander, I received a letter from him in which he begged forgiveness for any seeming insult he had offered me. I was not just like other girls, and if he had told me then that he loved me, I would not have believed it, or have inquired of myself if I loved him. Now he thought I knew myself better, and would listen when he told me that he loved me very dearly. He thought that he could never find another like me, and at the time appointed he should return to claim his bride.

If for three years I toiled hard to make myself worthy of one I loved it seems to me but natural, for I was quite alone in the world. And when at their expiration I had gone back to Mr. Ball's to await the arrival of Albert Lander, I found that I was no longer an odd little thing; yet I was in trouble lest I should disappoint one who had mingled with the beautiful, the refined, and the wise.

I was standing in the gardens one evening, pulling the leaves from a rose, and thinking how hopeless I should be if this one star should be lost to me, when an arm encircled me, and voice a whispered, "I am going to marry you, Annabel Grey."

Well, we were married, "Cousin Albert" and I; and the world no longer seems a great blank, now that I have one to love, and to love me.

LADIES feeling an interest in the dead-and-gone fashions of their ancestors will read with pleasure the following "recipe for a lady's dress," printed in London, 1821: "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermillion; dress your eye-brows with modesty and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your ear-rings, and a ruby cross the front pin on your head. Submission to your husbands is your best ornament. Employ your hands in housewifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity and the purple of chastity.

The change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

PEOPLE always fancy that we cannot become wise without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accummulate, it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters he is likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

THE VINEGAR-CRUET.

By an Old-Fashioned Fellow.

There was once a wicked woman who hated her little stepson, because every one said how sweet he was.

"I'll make you sour," she cried, in a fury; and straightway turned him into a vinegar-cruet.

The poor little fellow was sad enough, to find himself thus miserably transformed; but still "worse things might happen," said he to himself; "one can make a figure in the world, even though it be in a castor."

His wicked stepmother had, however, no fancy for letting him rest there. The next day, she continued to let the vinegar-cruet fall, and broke the stopper.

"See," she said, showing it to the father, "it is good for nothing but to be thrown out on the dust-heap."

"Very good, throw it there then!" answered her husband, little dreaming that the poor broken bottle was his only son.

So he was thrown out with the ashes; and, presently, the dustman came and took him away. But the poor vinegar-cruet was not altogether sorry; for now, that the stopper was out, he could talk. He kept very quiet, and they came to the city, where, his horses being tired, the dustman stopped, just before the palace-gate.

There the vinegar-cruet heard some ragmen talking together, and saying that they would hide in the king's bathroom that night, and kill the king, because they wanted a new king.

As soon as the vinegar-cruet heard that, he rolled himself out of the cart, though terribly afraid of breaking, and rolling under some great leaves, lay there quietly. By-and-by, the king came walking that way, and, after looking about him awhile, began to swing backward and forward on the gate, as he was fond of doing, when he heard a voice say, "Beware of the bathroom!"

The King looked all about him, but seeing no one, thought that he had heard only his own thoughts.

"It is very odd, however, that I should think such a thing as that!" he said to himself.

Then the vinegar-cruet said again, "O king, send soldiers to examine the bathroom; for there are men hidden there, who mean to kill you to-night."

"That's pleasant," said the king; "but who are you, good telltale? I should like to see you."

"I am the vinegar-cruet under the leaves," answered the voice again. "Pick me up, and you will see."

The King, hearing that, began to poke about among the bushes, and finding the cruet, took it up and placed it in his bosom.

"Hold me up to your ear," said the cruet, "for I want to whisper." And, thereupon, it told him all that his enemies had said.

The King sent at once, and finding the men, had them executed; but for the cruet he provided a stand of pure gold, and caused it to be set in his bed-chamber.

Of course, the news went through the country that the King had a wonderful vinegar-cruet that could talk, and that it had saved his life; and coming to the ears of the wicked stepmother, she guessed at once who it was, and set out for Court, to make sure. She was a woman with a long, smooth tongue; and, after she had been at Court an hour, she talked his Majesty into such a good opinion of her, that he took her into his chamber, to show her the wonderful cruet. On looking at it, she pretended to start, and then to sigh deeply.

"What is the matter?" asked the King, alarmed.

"Alas! your Majesty," replied the wicked woman, "you are greatly deceived. Nobody else will keep this bottle, because it brings misfortune to whoever harbors it."

"Say you so?" cried the King. "But what, then, shall I do with it? I cannot throw it away."

"Give it me," said the wicked woman; "I will dispose of it."

So the King gave it to her, and carrying it far away into the very middle of a deep forest, she threw it down with all her force, breaking it in pieces, and saying:—"See now if you can stay there!" and then went away, satisfied that this time she had disposed of it.

Enough of it, however, was left together to see, hear, and talk; and, lying there, it struck up a friendship with a splendid diamond-ring, that a great princess had dropped there one day by accident. Now, this ring was the gift of a fairy, who had told the princess to beware how she lost it, for she would lose all her luck with it. Therefore, the princess was in great trouble, and not only sent out messengers to look everywhere for the ring, but came herself to the forest, where she remembered that she had worn it last.

When the ring saw her, it said, with all its might:—"Here I am! here I am!"

But having no tongue that could be heard by human ears, the princess passed by without spying it.

Then the cruet called out loudly: "Here is your ring, madam. This way—no, stop—you are going wrong; here it is!"

The princess, wondering greatly that she could see no one, began to search where she heard the voice, and presently found her ring, at which she was overjoyed.

"But where," said she, "is the voice that spoke to me? I see no one."

"Sprinkle here some of the water of the brook," answered the cruet, "and you shall see me."

On that, the princess dipped up water in her hand, and sprinkled it where the ring had lain, and instantly there stood before her a lovely, smiling little boy. When he had told her his story, she took him home with her, and adopted him as her son; so that his wicked stepmother's malice brought him only good, after all. But, as for her, when she heard the news, she died of anger.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

KINDER is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.

THE WOMAN NEEDED.

The weary old world wants woman. It has had enough of those who call themselves so; who frown upon worth and culture and make fashion and family and position override all other claims; enough of indolent self-indulgence and pretence, and it groans in travail for the genuine woman, representative of all that is possible, high and noble in her sex. It waits for those who shall dare to be true to every womanly instinct, assert and defend every womanly conviction in the womanly spirit, and send out into society and through all the earth the light and grace, the healing and power that comes of woman. Everywhere in society, it is woman we want. As the reach and crown of a man's life is to be manly, as that sums up and includes all that we have to say or to aspire to—so to be womanly is the only worthy object of feminine aspiration; and the true womanliness is not only the culminating of the sex, but the divinest beauty that God gives to man to see. I plead for it, because so many, in the glare of the life that now is, have forgotten the glory it might be made to be; because so many are looking for peace, satisfaction, reward, where they never can be found. I plead—for every day, more and more, I feel the want of woman for every need and deed of life; woman, not of genius, but of character; not of position, but of influence; woman, saintly and tender and true. It was a genuine outburst that broke from sweet lips, and many a woman says it: "I want to be above the little meanness and follies and frailty that spoil so many women." Only let that be the broad want; only let women see to it that these are uprooted and flung away; only let womanly grace and virtue abound, and the working is done, and she who is said to have lost us Eden, will have gained us Paradise!

ONE OF THE SORROWS OF LIFE.

Many a volume has been written about the love of parents, the love of mothers, its enthusiasms of hope and fancy, its adorations of the unworthy, its agony for the lost; but we do not remember that anyone has ventured to touch on a still more terrible view of the subject—the disappointment, for example, with which a woman full of high aspirations, noble generosities, and, perhaps, an unwarrantable personal pride, all intensified by the homely circumstances of life around her, sometimes looks upon the absolute common-place people whom she has brought into the world. She, too, has had her dreams about them while they were children, and all things seemed possible—while they were youths, with still some grace and freshness of the morning veiling their unheroic outlines. But a woman of seventy can cherish no fond delusions about her middle-aged sons and daughters, who are, to all intents and purposes, as old as she is. What a dismal sense of failure must come into such a woman's heart while she looks at them! Perhaps this is one reason why grandfathers and grandmothers throw themselves so eagerly into the new generation, by means of which human nature can go on deceiving itself. Heavens! what a difference between the ordinary man or woman of fifty and the ideal creature which he or she appeared to the eyes at fifteen! The old people gaze and gaze to see our old features in us; and who can express the blank of that disappointment, the cruel mortification of those old hopes, which never find expression in any words?

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

Englishmen, and indeed most foreigners who judge of France from Paris alone, are apt to think that French people have no home life. So far is this from being the case, that few people are more tenderly attached to home than the French. For this reason they make very poor emigrants. While the Germans and Irish emigrate by thousands, comparatively few Frenchmen leave their country. Not only are they attached to their native land, but to the very spot where they first saw the light. The poorest peasant trilling in Paris sends a part of his scanty earnings to his country home for the support of his parents and younger brothers and sisters, and looks forward with delight to the time when he will be able to go back there, buy a plot of ground, and build a little cottage in which to spend the remainder of his days. Well-to-do families, who occupy apartments in Paris during the winter, retire during the summer to the "old homestead" in the country, to which all are tenderly attached.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept the hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.—*Blunders in Behavior Corrected.*

HERE AND THERE.

THERE is a great falling-off of little boys who try to ride on the behind end of a street car.

IT would be better for paper readers if all the Turkish generals were named Smith.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"HIDDY, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it?" "Yes, mum; I put in four; they were so bad I had to use four of them."

"LADIES, without distinction of sex," are invited to a mass meeting at Dublin, with a generously characteristic of the noble Hibernian.

"MIKE, have you settled that affair with Lewis yet?" "Yes, he kicked me off the stoop last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me."

"COMPANY halt! About face! Take your seats! March!" was one of the military orders of the Decoration Day celebration at Elmwood, Ill.

"I have not," says Josh Billings, "got as much money as some folks, but I have got as much impudence as many on them—and that is the next thing to munny."

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions if so disposed." Student. "What time is it, please?"

SIXTY-THREE babies reported for duty at the Battle Creek baby party. The careless reporters assert that Mrs. B—— "furnished refreshments for the whole of them."

MEN, says Adam Smith, are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is, perhaps, a hundred miles away, in the rain.

AN impecunious individual was heard to mutter, as he finished reading a railroad handbill headed "Through without change," "That's the road I shall take; no fault to find with them terms."

AN old negro was paid his wages in silver half-dollars. He gazed benignly upon them as they lay in his palm, grinned as though in triumph, and exclaimed: "Dat's de stuff de rats can't chaw!"

"OH, please, sir, I've brought your shirt 'one, but mother says that she can't wash it no more, 'cos she was obliged to paste it up again the wall and chuck soap-suds at it, it's so so tender!"—*Punch.*

DOM PEDRO was shaved by a female barber in San Francisco, and when asked how he liked it, enthusiastically answered: "I feel jest as ef all my soul was een my cheen and she was teekle eh."

"MARIE! what's that strange noise at the front gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars." "Times are changed, sir."—*Chicago Journal.*

WRITES the poet Smith: "I clasped her fair hand in a rapture of bliss, and thought, O, how blessed our fates, till I looked on the gloves that encircled her wrist, and found that alas! they were "eights!"

TWENTY times at a picnic, recently, a Flatbush girl threatened to kick a young man for spilling strawberry juice on her dress, and twenty times she remembered her old-fashioned stockings, and didn't kick.

A BOOK agent was recently shot in Texas. Whereupon the Worcester *Press* heartlessly and malignantly remarks that "there is a universal demand all over the country for more book agents—in Texas."

A KENTUCKY schoolmaster whose wife was one of his pupils had occasion to punish her one day. The next day the school-house door bore this inscription: "This school closed for one week; schoolmaster ill."

"THERE'S such a rude gentleman dining upstairs to-day. Means was a-talking about the Akkademy, and if he didn't tell her as he could see she painted, and so she do every night; but he needn't a said so afore people."

A GAY and festive Englishman paid a visit to Washington Market and copied some watermelons. "Aw!" said he, "cawnt you grow larger apples than those in this country?" "Apples!" exclaimed the vender, "them ain't apples. Them's peas!"

"WHAT is that, darling?" asked a young St. Louis husband of his Chicago bride. She turned the heaven of her deep blue eyes upon him and answered: "That's one of my garters, dearest." "Ah," he added, softly, "I thought it was a dog-kennel."—*Andrew's Bazar.*

"I HEAR you are desperately courting the chambermaid," said a man to his servant. "That is my business," was the reply. "But I hear, too, that she favors your attentions." "That is her business." "But do you know that I shall instantly put you outside the door?" "That is your business."

"WHAT kind of a clock do you call that, landlord?" asked a visitor, comparing his watch with a mantel time-keeper in a country hotel. "That?—Oh, that's one o' them eight-day fellers, replied the landlord; "every eight days you have to take it around to get it fixed yer know."

A THIRSTY toper, in a bar-room, flung down his sixpence and then filled his glass to the brim with whiskey. "Hold on!" exclaimed the bartender, in apparent astonishment. "there is a chronic goer with that drink!" and tearing off a portion of the end of a cigar box, he politely handed it across the counter.

AN Indiana woman recently sent the following note to her husband, who is serving out a three years sentence in State Prison: "Dear Tom: I have obtained a divorce from you and am about to marry again. But never mind, for when you come out I will run away with you if you see anyway by which we can live."

IN spite of the time devoted to shopping and dressmaking and conversation over the back-garden fence, our American women manage to pick up a good deal of useful information. An Eastern District belle was asked the other evening what she thought of Napoleon Bonaparte. She hesitated a few minutes and then answered: "He was quite talented, I believe."

"PLAZE, Mister Donovan, what o'clock is it?" Horologer—"Half-past wan." (Exit small girl.) (An interval of one minute. Re-enter small girl.) Small Girl—"Plase, Mister Donovan, what o'clock is it?" Horologer—"Sure, aunt I after telling ye?" Small Girl—"Och! but 'tis another woman towld me to ax ye this time."

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at. He answered. "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight, of course."

AN eight-year-old boy sent the following warm epistle to one of his playmates:—"Dear Minnie I love thee I ador you don't show this to your mother, if I don't love thee may the lions tear my hart out may I be thrown from a third story window if I don't love you may I be torn in three halfs by wild beests but I do. answer this get good paper and leave it a sheet for me you are a pretty girl and I'll have you."

THE Washington *Gazette* says: This is a quotation from a letter written by a Chicago bride to a friend: "We have been married just a month from to-day. We went to Rawston and New Yawk, and ever so many places and had a perfectly gawgeous time. New Yawk's just lovely."—Don't believe it. And suppose it is true—what of it? What is a woman worth who can't spell a word but one way?

"WELL, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a "Southwester" to a "down Easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wa'll," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what you may call a *hansum* critter, but he's got a good deal of *openness* when he smiles."

A DEMURE-LOOKING chap hailed a charcoal-peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

THEY had company to tea. The table was set out splendidly. The biscuit were as light and flaky as snow, and the cake was just lovely. The company were delighted with everything and were enjoying themselves hugely, and getting the *modus operandi* of making the biscuit, which were too lovely for anything, when the infant of the household unfortunately whispered: "Ma, why don't you have such tea when there ain't company?" Simple as the query was, it "floored" ma.

DEACON R. is a little hard of hearing. The other morning Dr. W. took breakfast with him, and during the meal Miss A. apologized to the doctor for not having set him a moustache cup.

"Musquash trap? What about a musquash trap?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Mustache cup," explained the doctor.

"Oh, mouse-trap, no, we don't need one, we always keep a cat," and the old gentleman retired within himself, while the young folks retired to explode.

OCCASIONALLY barbers get hold of a poor quality of bay rum, and, when such is applied to the face of a man just shaved, it smarts like fire for a few moments. A case of this kind occurred in one of our barber-shops, the other day. "Whoop! Hold! Holy Moses!" yelled the man, springing wildly from the chair, and clasping his burning cheeks with both hands; "you may skin me—that's all right—but I'll be essentially pissed if I am going to have pepper-sauce rubbed on it afterwards! Now you hear me!"

A ZEALOUS Congregationalist, visiting Baptist friends, accepted an invitation to attend the Sunday school and teach a class of little girls. The lesson was about St. John the Evangelist, and knowing that older heads sometimes confound him with St. John the Baptist, he asked, "By what name do you know this John?" "John the Evangelist, John the Revelator, and John the Beloved," answered the little ones. "Why 'The Beloved?'" "Because Jesus loved him best." "And why did he love him best?" asked the teacher. The answer came promptly from the youngest scholar, "Cos he was a Baptist."

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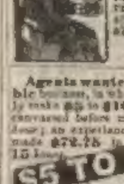

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THE FASHIONS.

From recent advices we learn that there has been quite a fancy this season for forming what is known as "Camping-out parties," that is, in the mountain resorts of fashionable celebrity.

The ladies of the party provide themselves with two stout suits of mohair, as a general rule, and a gossamer waterproof garment; also a linen Ulster, a good shade hat trimmed with a long grenadine veil, walking boots, buckskin gauntlets, and an Alpine stock, or strong cane with pointed iron at the bottom—useful in climbing high hills and mountains, and also for a support in long walks.

We mention the outfit to our readers, thinking it very probable that many of them will go upon such excursions, and be glad of these suggestions.

There is a

CHANGE IN HATS,

the tendency now, as at this time last summer, being to droop over the forehead, and turn up behind.

The crowns are higher and rounder than they were last summer, being more on the Derby shape.

One of unbleached Chip, which especially pleased us, had folds of cream-colored serge around the crown, caught together at the back by a cluster of pale pink roses and buds (artificial, flexible stems, and here and there a "rose apple" or seed vessel intermingled.

Another was of black Neapolitan braid, had a netted scarf of black and cardinal loosely twisted about it. Poppies and corn-flowers in a cluster at the back.

SUITS OF BLACK HERNANI,

are in great requisition for the present season. Striped hernanis are not so much in requisition as plaided. The plaids are formed by narrow bars of satin stripe crossing the plain ground.

A suit of this kind had two knife-pleated flounces on the plain underskirt, and above them a pleated puffing of the plaided hernani. The overskirt was of the plaided material, and was simply hemmed, being stitched several rows in machine stitching. There was a sleeveless cuirass of the plaid, made over silk and corded at the edges. The sleeves were of the plain material with two rows of knife-pleated plaid hernani on the wrist.

Double bows of four-inch wide cardinal ribbon were worn on the outer seam of sleeve at the wrists. A belt of similar ribbon with long ends, merging at the left side, was also worn.

There is quite a fancy for these bright belts and bows on dark colored dresses nowadays.

MANY BLACK SILK SUITS

are being made for the intermediate season, not far distant now, without overskirts at all, and with the principal part of the trimming placed at the back, in the form of flounces, knife-pleatings, etc.

A handsome black Faille silk, had four flounces up the back widths, alternately gathered and pleated. Across the front widths were gathered scarfs, of the material cut bias, and put on diagonally. A knife-pleating was put on down each side, where these scarfs met the flounces.

The waist was a cuirass basque, with long points in the front and deeper upon the hips than in the back.

The sleeves were bias and shirred from shoulder to wrist diagonally.

Rows of Faille ribbon were placed down the outer seams of them, and also at the back of the collar.

A summer suit of Percale had the underskirt of dark blue with two knife-pleated flounces. The overskirt of blue and white checked percale, quite a small check. It was cut in strips at the bottom, every strip lined with plain blue, and every alternate strip turned half of its depth.

A neat hat of Leghorn braid, had for trimming a scarf of brown and cream-colored checked silk, with a fringe on each end, simply knotted at the back and having a cluster of daisies and grasses carelessly placed upon the centre of the knot.

For country wear there is a revival of

SUN-BONNETS.

Yes, actually sun-bonnets of our grandmamma's days, but withal of a coquettish form and vastly becoming.

One of Swiss muslin shirred over a frame of bonnet wire and flaring about the face, somewhat in the fashion of the traditional cottage bonnet, had a lining of rose-colored marcelline silk. The frill of this dainty head-covering was about eight or ten inches deep, and of the same material as the rest of the bonnet.

Rose-colored bows were placed, one on top in front of the rich Normandy crown, the other just below it at the back. Strings of the same color fastened it under the chin. Altogether it was charming, and we commend it to fresh, young faces, who wish to have a picturesque framing for their loveliness.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The coming boot, has square-toes, broad heels and straps across the upper part from toe to ankle, buttoning over on one side.

Black velvet chatelaine pockets, with filagree sides of nickel-plate and also oxydized silver, suspended by small chains, are much worn.

Some of the "bangle" bracelets of silver, have little bells attached.

Black tulle veils dotted with straw are very fashionable.

Pink and chestnut-brown are combined in silk suits abroad.

Double capes are to be worn next winter, trimmed with fur.

Filagree jewelry is all the rage.

"Algerines" is the name of Arab cloaks for the sea-side, made of fleecy Angora cloth, and having a hood, with three flat, crimped silk tassels.

Driving and riding gloves of undressed kid, have a pointed gauntlet cuff, coming up very high and embroidered in colored silks.

The pointed Tyrolean hats, are growing in favor.

Pink coral has become very fashionable.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

It has been some time since we gave direction in Our Work Table, for the making of a serviceable garment, and as we believe in combining the useful with the beautiful, will this week take for our model a

POLONAISE FOR A YOUNG LADY,

closing in the back. The materials needed will be from six to eight yards of twenty-seven inch goods. The stuff from which our model was made has a checked dark-blue and white Scotch gingham, intended to be worn over a dark-blue underskirt. The front of the polonaise was cut *a la* Gabrielle, and had three rows of small, dark-blue silk buttons down the front of the waist part. The back widths were about twelve or fourteen inches longer than the front widths, and were looped by means of four upturned pleats on the hips, low down, and tapes attached under the seams of the centre width. Three rows of buttons of a similar size and color to those in front, closed the back. A standing collar lined with plain blue, finished the neck. The sleeves were plain to the elbow, falling from thence to a deep frill over the wrist. The frill being lined with plain blue; bows on the outer seam. A deep pocket, pleated in a double box pleat, and having three-cornered pieces of plain blue, set in on each side, and meeting in a point on the centre, was placed quite low down on the right side and trimmed with ribbon bows.

A narrow sash of dark blue faille ribbon, was fastened about the waist, in a point in front, having long ends falling at the left side.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Amelia I.—The entire suit can be furnished to you, consisting of patterns for robe, dress, slip, bib, sacque, flannel and white skirts, wrapper, and cap, also night-gown, for one dollar and a half. The most fashionable caps are not the Normandy, but the close cottage shape, made of alternate rows of Valenciennes lace insertion and fine Swiss or French muslin bands, embroidered. The cap has a fluted frill of Valenciennes lace and is ornamented with small bows of brown, dark blue, or cardinal colored ribbon. The color of the bows ought to match the bows upon the cap. No trouble to answer questions. Let us hear from you again.

Minnie May.—The most appropriate dress for a young debutante is white, whether of silk or muslin, or yet of tulle. Yes; a long train is quite impossible.

Laura.—The use of a lead comb it is said, will change the objectionable tint of your hair to a rich auburn. We can furnish one post paid for one dollar and fifty cents.

NIXON.

BEAUTY.—Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Careades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.

MY PHANTOM SHIP.

BY BOB.

On the beautiful ocean of mystic dreams,
Over which I drift in the twilight free:
I have somewhere sailing a bark, which seems
A ship of promise and pleasure to me.

Its hull is of radiant opaline hue;
Its fairy sails of snowy white,
And the jeweled flash of its pennon blue
Gleams like a crown on the brow of Night.

With longing eyes I have paced the sands
Full many and many a weary hour,
Watching and waiting with outstretched hands
For this freighted galleon of magic power.

At times, in the purple haze afar,
Come brilliant glimpses, which will not stay,
Of my phantom ship, which prove but a star,
Or a mirage which sparkles and fades away.

But sometime, I know, in the future years,
As I sit and dream of what "might have been,"
The deception of life, its sighs and tears,
Shall end at last when my ship comes in.

It shall bring me favor for hope deferred,
And loving hearts for the ones untrue,
With riches, and honors, and strength to gird
My soul for the battle and strife anew.

Yes, life shall be brighter, and sin surcease,
And the heart from its burden of care be free,
When my beautiful ship, with its sails of Peace,
Comes floating home over the silvery sea.

AVERILL PAINT COMPANY'S PAVILION.

One of the most attractive of the minor buildings on the Centennial Grounds, is the handsome pavilion of the Averill Paint Company, illustrated below. It is located on the knoll a short distance northwest from Machinery Hall. The structure is of pleasing design, with an air of cheerful brightness which it owes in great measure to the proper use and the excellent quality of the paints manufactured by the Company, to exhibit which by practical illustration the building was erected. Within are shown samples of the various products of this well-known house, tastefully arranged. The large introduction of these goods throughout the country during many years past, has greatly improved the "face of things" in many neighborhoods. Being ready-mixed for immediate application, they can be readily used by any one who can handle a brush, and thus thousands remote from professional painters, can apply them. Having personally tested their quality for years, we endorse them as of the highest excellence for brilliance and permanence. feeling assured that wherever and whenever used they will not fail to receive the encomiums they richly merit.

DENIS VAUGHN'S FAITH.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCUYLER.

I am an old woman. It is many years since silver threads began to gleam in my then dark hair—many years since the first wrinkle marked my brow with the irrevocable seal of age. With me life has not been a golden dream on an enchanted Avalon. Rays of sunshine have sometimes stolen through the gloom, of course, and lighted for a moment my dreary way, and I have enjoyed months—even years—of undisturbed quiet; nevertheless, I have had my full share of clouds and storms, of tempests and stern realities.

However, I feel that the end is just at hand. Only a little way down the path I am treading. I see the goal—the end of my journey. The thought brings me no sadness. All animal life must of necessity end in death, and why need I shudder at the near approach of that which warrants a long rest after a tedious journey? My work is done, my hands folded; I am ready! Among the memories that throng around me to-night, is one of scarce five years ago—a memory that always brings sadness with it, and makes my aged limbs tremble, and my slow breath come quick and heavy.

The story I am about to tell is one that concerns me very nearly; hence I shall tell it in my own plain, unvarnished way. It was here in the wilds of Colorado, near the spot where I am now sitting, that I saw acted out one of the life dramas which serve to make a great share of the world's romances and realities, and, alas! are scarcely thought of after the first excitement has passed away. We were here, a little band of sturdy miners, resembling, in many ways, the Plymouth pilgrims. We were mostly a temperate, God-fearing people, working to gain homes for ourselves and for those who were to follow us by and by.

Our picturesque huts, scattered along the foot of the mountain, formed quite a village, and here the coolest breezes of summer visited us, and in the winter the sun gave us his most genial rays. We were not becoming suddenly rich, like some of whom we now and then heard; but prosperity seemed to have taken up her abode with us, and we were, to say the least, satisfied.

Among us was one Denis Vaughn, a tall, dark, broad-shouldered man, not handsome, but noble, even in thought, and of whom we were all justly proud, and I most of all. I have called him noble even in thought, and I think I spoke the truth; for no one ever accused Denis Vaughn of a cowardly act, and I believe that he would have died rather than betray a trust reposed in him. Perhaps I am partial to my hero. Perhaps as I look back on his life whilst I knew him, my vivid mind surrounds him with a halo not justly his. If so, I know the reader will forgive the foolish whim of an old woman, when my story shall have all been told. My hero was over thirty and had never been in love.

At last, however, he met his fate. He had gone to Denver for supplies. He had gone there several times before, and nothing important had ever come of it. This visit, however, was destined to be the crowning epoch of his life; for there he saw Jennie Raymond, and loved her. She was a little fairy-like creature, and a most perfect type of blonde beauty. The rose-leaf tinted her lily cheek, as the sunbeam gilds the snow. Her eyes were of that azure hue of which poets dream, and her golden hair floated about a form as perfect as Apelles ever painted or Petrarch sung. She had been motherless from infancy, and at ten years of age had lost her only remaining parent. Her education, I think, had been neglected. Of that, however, I am hardly capable of judging, as fortune has always been chary of the favors bestowed on me; but there was a careless freedom of manner, a childish irregularity of speech, which, to my mind—though irresistibly winning—showed a lack of proper training. When dying, her father had assigned her—his only legacy—to an older brother, the only relative near enough to receive his last commands.

This brother had a large family of his own, was miserably poor, beside being afflicted with a sickly wife, and a chronic *mania* for being forever "on the wing." In his wanderings he had reached Denver, where he landed without a dollar in the world, and here those of the family who were able, were put out to labor for their own support. And there Denis Vaughn found her. When he first saw her she was engaged in picking strawberries for her employer.

It was early in the morning, and the fragrant summer dew was still on the grass. A shadow of discontent was playing about the rose-bud mouth; her garden hat hung on her fair waxen shoulders; a sparkling reflex of sunshine lay like a benediction on her abundant hair. She was busy picking the fruit, and did not see him, and he stood gazing silently, scarcely believing her human, so beautiful she looked among the growing vines. At length he spoke to her, and as the berries were the first of the season, bought some from the cool green of her leaf-lined basket. She chatted to him as merrily as if she had known him all his life, and those marvelously lovely azure eyes did their work then and there.

For the first time in his thirty-three years of life he had seen beauty in woman's eyes. For the first time in his life he *loved!* We all know how the revelation comes. It may be instantaneous. It may be months—even years—making itself known; but if the love be pure in all cases it is overpoweringly sweet. To Denis Vaughn this was a new sensation. He saw his danger, but made no effort to flee from it. The fetters that were being thrown around him were the most delicate of silken cords, growing only lighter and more attractive for the wearing. For many days he lingered, always contented when near her—supremely happy whenever the music of her voice thrilled his ear.

Every morning he bought strawberries from her basket, until the very latest varieties were nearly gone, always giving her an extra coin with which to buy bon-bons, or a dainty ribbon to deck her peerless throat or wind among her golden tresses. And one morning he stood beside her whilst she picked the last of the crimson fruit from among the faded leaves. She was not yet seventeen and he was thirty-three, and looked even older. But he cared not for that—cared not that she was but a servant, earning her daily bread, nor thought that he was asking smiling May to mate with bleak December, and blind to everything that disputed his right to her, he held in his the little hands, fluttering like prisoned birds, and in low, ardent tones, poured out the story of his great love, and asked her to be his wife. A sharp light flamed up in her eyes, but it was not the light of love.

"Anything would be preferable to this," she said, with a slight chill in her tones, as she drew the slender hands from his, and held the stained fingers up before his eyes. "I hate work, Mr. Vaughn. I am well aware that I shall lower myself in your estimation by my frankness. But you will at least own that candor is a virtue in this artificial age, of which one should be proud, will you not? And, seriously, I am constitutionally indolent. I don't think work was intended for such as I. There are plenty of rugged frames whose very appearance is suggestive of labor, and many of them are fit for nothing else. But work tires me and browns my hands, and I grow faint and dizzy and heartsick, and sometimes I almost hate myself because I am friendless and poor. I should like to be all the world to somebody, for nobody ever did care for me. I should like to be petted and admired and loved, and—" she added, smiling up brightly into his face, though two crystal tears trembled like dew drops on the long lashes—"never asked to do anything distasteful to me. I like you *ever so much*," with a little burst of gratitude that was almost a sob, "and you have been so very kind, that were you to lift me from this life of drudgery, surround me with all the things I love, and let me dream my dreams uninterrupted, I am sure I should be happy, and ere long learn to love you as you deserve."

He did not hesitate because she did not already love him. He had that blind faith in her which mortals seldom have, and which, when once aroused, dies out only with life. If she loved not him, she certainly loved no one else. She had promised to love him ere long, and he was content to bide his time. So he pressed a betrothal kiss on her white brow, and giving her a roll of bills larger than she had ever seen in her life before, bade her prepare for the wedding.

Everything should be as she wished, he said. They would be married in church, with grandeur and display, if she liked—in her uncle's humble home—anywhere—anyhow, only let it be soon. That was all he asked. And she gave a little shriek of delight as she counted the crisp bills one by one.

"How rich I have suddenly become," she cried. "Ah! I shall be a fairy queen ere I know it, and shall bring everything to my hand by mere force of will. How very good you are!" And she drew him down and wound her white arms around his neck in her gratitude; but I fear she thought not of the priceless love she had gained.

I think he was infinitely happy during those days. When not with her he walked the streets like one in a dream. This new love absorbed his whole life. I fear he forgot even that Power from whence all our blessings come. I fear that he felt so secure in his new-found happiness that he forgot to ask Heaven for its continuance.

The wedding was a quiet affair, though unexceptional in all its details. A friend of Denis' had offered his house and services for the occasion, and Jennie had gladly given everything over into his hands, thus freeing herself from all responsibility, save that of her own toilet. The dress was of white satin, with trimmings the very shade of her own beautiful eyes. She had asked if he would like it, and he had smiled down upon her—a smile of rare affection, and had answered that she could not please him better.

I remember so well the day she came among us. A frail, white lily touched with glistening dew—a fleecy golden and azure cloud, on which the breath of Heaven could not fall too lightly; a softly tinted rose, too delicate for a careless touch. Of all those she reminded us. Her husband's love for her was absolutely touching. He surrounded her with the things she loved; bestowing his gifts in a quiet undemonstrative way, as if what he was giving was justly hers; answering her profuse thanks with a quiet caress, which, as he often said, told more than a "whole book full of words." They had been married a year when a baby boy was given them. The child had his mother's hair and eyes and delicate complexion, and his father's strong vigorous frame. And she would caress the fair round limbs, and standing on tip-toe hold him up for his father to kiss, and declare in her childlike way, that never was wife or mother more richly blest than she.

I often think now that we bestowed too much adulation upon her and thus drove her more swiftly toward her fate. When strangers came among us, as they often did, we never thought them hospitably entertained till they had seen Denis Vaughn's wife and baby, and the man who praised them, had a friend in Denis Vaughn from that hour. Perhaps we were wrong in making her the subject of so much praise and flattery. God help me! I do not know; but I fear we forgot that she was but human. We were a plain, industrious people, and if any came among us, bringing an atmosphere of the gay world, we looked upon them with distrust. We may have been wrong in this as we were in many other things; but habit is everything, and we had followed one beaten path so long, that any divergence whatever was at least objectionable. It was an evil day that brought a party of prospectors among us. With them was a young man named Everett, a coxcomb *par excellence*, and possessing all the unenviable characteristics of his class. I think he was Jennie's ideal of manly perfection.

His form was lithe and graceful, his bow perfect, and his face though it lacked moral strength and decision of character, was such an one as romantic young girls call handsome. His dark hair perfumed and curled with artistic care hung on his shoulders, and he sported a diamond ring and a massive gold watch and chain. He could paint, and quote poetry in a voice of matchless sweetness, and could dandle a lady's parasol for her, with the ease and grace of a New York belle. He saw our Jennie and admired her and to make his wily way to the husband's heart, praised her, and petted the child. The ruse was a success. He sat at Denis Vaughn's table, and was served with the best of the land. He talked of books, and flowers, and paintings to Denis Vaughn's wife, and the unsuspecting host—too pure himself for suspicion—was glad that his child wife had found a kindred spirit, and never dreamed that he was nursing a viper in his bosom, who would give him a fatal sting at the last. Many of us saw it; but dared not warn him of his danger.

So great was his faith in her, that I doubt if he had believed it, had her own sweet lips told him the truth. At last his best friend found courage to speak a word of warning. But the words had scarcely left his lips when Denis Vaughn's strong right arm felled him senseless to the earth. Then I tried to reason with her, but she only laughed at me, and told me in her pretty imperious way, that I had "best save my breath to cool my broth," and not let Denis know I had spoken thus to her.

The next morning Denis kissed her again and again, and with her laughing sallies—sweetest music he had ever heard—in his ears, rode away to be gone a couple of days or more. That evening I saw her and Everett together. They were walking through the dusky twilight, her hand on his arm; his perfumed head bowed till his dark locks mingled with her golden ones; whilst he quoted in his seductive tones something from Hiawatha's wooing. They were so oblivious to everything but each other as to not see me, and I slipped noiselessly away, whispering this prayer in my heart: "God watch over thee, and keep thee from sin, Jennie Vaughn."

That prayer was not answered. It was not given in the right spirit, for I thought only of Denis when I uttered it. The next morning they were gone. There were signs of a hurried flight, though she had taken all that belonged to her save the dress in which she had been married.

Little Charley still slept the sweet sleep of innocence in his dainty crib; but neither his nurse nor the woman who did the housework, could tell us anything. When Denis came he would not believe her faithless. She was pure as an angel, he said, and we had driven her wild with our base suspicions.

He would search the world over but he would find her, and win her back to his home and heart and woe to the man or woman who dared breathe the foul suspicions against her. He arranged some matters that demanded immediate attention, placed the child in my care and left us. Two years dragged their slow length along, and he had not returned.

But people often told us of the brawny wild-eyed man, who traveled from place to place, seldom speaking to any one, but often following with eager step and bated breath a floating mass of golden hair—the sound of a merry laugh; or a girlish form with the perfume of tuberose on her garments.

At last he found her. He was worn out and was coming home with a view to renewing his strength, so as to be able to continue his search. He had reached Denver, and was waiting for conveyance home, kept up his search, more from force of habit than any hope of finding her there. He was wandering about the streets in an aimless sort of a way, when he became suddenly aware of an intense excitement among the people, and learned a moment later that

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,"

had sought oblivion from life's woes in the dark waters of the river. He had heard some one say that she had golden hair, and this had caused him to join the throng. She was lying, oh, so quiet now! with no trace on the fair features of the despair which must have driven her to the rash act. The lips were even parted in a half smile. The poor tired soul was at rest. Denis Vaughn pressed through the crowd and glanced at the face of the dead. His face had been ghastly white ever since he had heard that a body had been found, and his dark eyes glowed like stars, though he uttered not a word. With that first glance he gave one despairing cry, and lay stretched upon the ground with glazed eyes and face turned heavenward. The silver cord of life had broken—the freed spirit had passed over to that land where the heart sickness of "hope deferred" shall never come. We never knew how she came there. Whether she had drifted down with the current, or whether she was making her way home to ask forgiveness of him she had wronged; when despair overtook her and pointed to the river as the safest refuge. They brought them both home.

They wanted to bury them side by side; but I rebelled. I did not feel as kindly then toward the erring one as I do now. You, my reader, will blame me, of course; but I hope you will pity me a little, when I tell you that I was Denis Vaughn's mother, and he my only son. At last, however, I consented to have them buried side by side, but with a space between them, and when it was over I went back to the little child who would be mine henceforth. Ah! how I loved the child, and how he filled my lonely old heart to the forgetfulness of everything else.

But God has said "thou shalt have no idol before me," and one day he took mine from me and left me alone. Even this affliction did not soften my rebellious heart; for when they wanted to lay my darling beside his unfortunate mother, I would not have it so. In my proud resentment, I would have laid him anywhere but there; had not some kind spirit whispered to my heart: "If Christ condemned not the erring one, why shouldst thou condemn her?" I saw it all then—saw plainly how wicked and unforgiving I had been, and I knelt down with my God and my dead—for I would allow no one to share my vigil—and humbly asked that my heart of stone might be changed to a heart of flesh. Kind heaven heard my prayer.

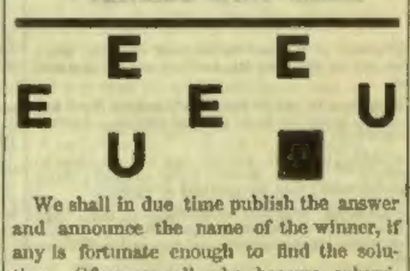
The next morning I had them make my darling's grave in the space I had so wickedly left to divide husband and wife even in death, and we laid him between them, I feeling that this link would unite them even in another world. Surely we poor weak mortals dare not judge her now! My only earthly treasures are those three graves. I care for them all alike, and that of the erring one has a full share of my heart.

You, kind reader, may wonder why I told this simple story. I can only answer: I hope you may find in it more than one moral. I am very old—the end must be near and the good I can do here is very little. But if I learn before I go, that I have been the means of saving one poor girl from a loveless marriage—one wife from deserting the husband she has promised to cherish until death,—I shall feel that I have not told the story of Denis Vaughn's Faith in vain.

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

To the regular subscriber who shall first send the correct answer to the puzzle below, before October 1st, we will give

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



We shall in due time publish the answer and announce the name of the winner, if any is fortunate enough to find the solution. Of course all who become subscribers before October 1st have the opportunity to compete. We can not fairly give information by letter or otherwise which will aid any body, and therefore decline answering such questions as "Is my solution correct?" until the time expires. It is to be a fair trial of wits, and will furnish pleasant study for many an hour.

HELPLESSNESS.

THE old saying is, that Providence helps those who help themselves; but many of the children of this world help those who do not help themselves. If a man or a woman sets out to be taken care of, as the lilies of the field are clothed, without his or her own labor, ten to one but the undertaking will be successful. If one member of a family assumes an attitude of helplessness, the rest presently assent to it. Jane is too delicate to do this or that, so Sophia does her own task and Jane's also; and nobody helps Sophia, or considers that she is doing more than is right. And as we are very apt to love best those who cost us most sacrifices and self-denials, ten to one the most helpless and improvident member of a family will be the pet of all the others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—"Why Didn't She Do It;" "Who Was the Mistress;" "Eleanor's False Faith;" "Dolly Dimple's Dowry;" "A Yankee in Hindoostan;" "To a Rose;" "Sarnnia;" "Sun-rise at the Alamo."

MRS E. MILLER (Wahu, Neb.) wishes us to secure her a correspondent through the columns of the POST. We do not approve of such innovations in social life, and therefore, respectfully decline.

TOURIST, (Hot Springs, Va.)—"Will you inform me through the SATURDAY EVENING POST what is the cause that produces hot springs?" An increase in heat is always experienced, as we descend into the earth. The temperature of the earth increases one degree Fahrenheit for every 100 feet, so that at a depth of about 2 miles, all the water is boiling, and at a depth of ten miles, all rocks, etc., are melted. The interior of the earth is supposed to be a burning mass.

MODESTY (Xenia, Ohio), writes, Is it proper to say "leg" in company, or should we say "limb." Say leg, if you refer to that member. If legs are really improper in themselves, we should on no account mention them; but, if it is proper and necessary to mention them, let us by all means give them their appropriate name. The impropriety, if there be any, consists not in the name "leg," nor in the objects themselves, but in the mind of the person who has connected prurient ideas with them.

EMIGRANT, (Pottstown, Pa.)—I am unhealthy and want to move to some place where pulmonary diseases do not abound. Do you consider Texas a good place, and if so, what part of Texas. What is the climate of Texas?" We consider southwestern Texas a good place for those threatened with pulmonary diseases. The hilly regions about Austin and San Antonio are especially adapted to consumptive invalids. In point of climate, Texas has been called the Italy of America. The general average of temperature corresponding and the skies are equally clear and glowing.

ASPIRANT, (Fall River, Mass.)—We do not think your verses give poetical promise. You had better confine yourself to prose, if you write at all, for poetry cannot be manufactured to order. There is a wide distinction between rhyme and poetry. The former is but a congregation of happy ideas and smooth utterances; the latter is the language of the soul breathing through words. If the poetic principle does not exist in the person, no amount of coaxing or endeavor can secure its charms, and even where it does exist, the most ardent cultivation is necessary to foster its full development.

LILLIE ROSSITER, (Lone Cypress.)—"In calling at a house, is it proper for the lady of the house to ask the visitor to play first, or *vice versa*. 2. I attended a reception not long since at the house of a well to do family, when all the meats, jellies, cakes, nuts and candies were on one table; the ice cream being brought in on waiters. Shouldn't part of the refreshments be on separate tables?"—1. The visitor should request the lady of the house to play, and if she intends to comply, she should do so at once, without waiting to be urged. If she refuses, she should do it in a manner that shall make her decision final. 2. It is in better taste to have separate tables. Where the refreshments consist simply of confections, it is perfectly proper to serve them in trays, but never in the room where dancing is going on.

AGNES (Norwalk, Ohio), is in a world of trouble, and writes a very doleful letter, which we reproduce *verbatim*:—"I have been a constant reador of your paper, and have come to you for relief of my troubles. First of all please give me a recipt through your paper for thick lips, they get thicker and thicker every day, and are a constant trouble to me. And what will keep your hair from turning red. I can not write how thankful I will be if you will answer my questions." 1. We are afraid that you will be compelled to let them grow, and probably you will find some amiable young man who will see in you such other excellencies of mind and soul as to totally ignore the size of your lips. 2. Now as to our hair. We were not aware that it was turning red, but if such should prove the case, we shall be compelled to let it turn. Improve your spelling.

LITTLE GIRL, (Towsontown, Md.)—The following has been considered a good recipe for removing freckles: Prepare the skin by spreading over it at night a paste composed of one ounce of bitter almonds, one ounce of barley flour, and a sufficient quantity of honey to give the paste consistency. Wash off in the morning, and during the day apply with a camel's hair brush a lotion compounded thus: One drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, and a teaspoonful of lavender water mixed. At night, wash the skin with elder flower water, and apply an ointment made by simmering gently one ounce of Venice soap, quarter of an ounce of deliquated oil of tartar, and quarter of an ounce of oil bitter almonds. When it acquires consistency, three drops of oil of rhodium may be added. Wash the ointment off in the morning with rose water.

THEATRE GOER (Philadelphia), writes: "Will you kindly inform me how a lady should dress for the theatre, concert, etc., and should the hat be worn."—The ordinary promenade dress is the suitable one for the theatre, with the addition of a shawl or cloak, which may be thrown aside, if it becomes uncomfortable. Either the bonnet or hat may be worn. In some cities it is customary to remove the bonnet in the theatre, a custom which is sanctioned by good sense and a kind consideration of those who sit behind, but which has not yet the authority of etiquette. Gloves should harmonize with the costume. Concert halls call for a little more elaboration in toilet. A silk dress, with lace collar and cuffs, is the most appropriate. If the bonnet is worn, it should be handsome; if removed, the hair should be nicely dressed either with ribbons or flowers. White or light kids, and a velvet or opera cloak complete the costume. At the Opera, full evening dress should be worn, as then the richest costumes are displayed.

FANNY (Cannistee) wants to know how to write for the press, whether she must send her name with her articles, and if it is a paying business.—The first step to be taken in writing is to obtain ideas. The second is the proper expression of the idea when obtained. To acquire ideas it is necessary to cultivate habits of observation; to use the eyes not only in noticing entire objects, but also their different parts; to consider their qualities, uses, operations and effects, together with their relation to other things. The mind employed in such processes acquires material for its own operations, and thoughts and ideas arise, as it were, spontaneously. Cultivate the judgment, the imagination and reasoning faculties, and read something thoroughly every day. You will find difficulty in getting your compositions into print, and will, of course, be compelled to give your name to the publisher as a guarantee of good faith. Literature is, comparitively, not remunerative. There are some writers who make large sums from their works, but this class constitutes the exception, as a majority of those who rely on the pen for sustenance, gain meagre livlihoods. Even many of our very best writers are compelled to follow other pursuits, in order to support the luxury of literary writing.

TRAVELLER, (New Bedford)—"Will you please tell me just where in Virginia the Natural Bridge is situated and describe it." The Natural Bridge is situated in Rockbridge county, about fourteen miles southwest of Lexington. It consists of an immense mass of rock which spans the deep ravine, through which flows a small stream called Cedar creek. The sides of the ravine are of massive rock, rising perpendicularly from the bed of the stream. The rock structure which forms the bridge is flung across the ravine in a massive, but graceful, arch, seeming more the work of art than of nature. The mean height of the bridge is 215 feet from the stream below to the roadway; its average width is 90 feet, its length 93 feet, and its thickness 55 feet. The arch constituting the bridge is of limestone rock, covered to the depth of from four to six feet with alluvial and clayey earth, and based upon huge rocks of the same character, the summits of which are ninety feet, and their bases fifty feet apart. The country road leads over the bridge, and the structure has been used since the settlement of the region for the ordinary purposes of travel. A natural parapet of rock extends along the sides of the bridge which are still further protected by a thick growth of trees and shrubbery. So perfectly do these screen the ravine from view, that visitors constantly pass over the bridge, without being aware that they have reached it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. F. F.—You had better consult some good physician, and avoid quacks hereafter. Willie G. R.—Your handwriting is fair, but susceptible of great improvement. No; a poor handwriting is no indication of genius. The reason that the chirography of so many great men is miserable is that their minds become so absorbed in the development and expression of ideas that they lose sight of what is, in a measure, mechanical. Old Subscriber.—We can furnish you with any back numbers of the Post you want. Voter.—No: the Post is in no sense a political paper, and will not give expression to any kind of political sentiment. Henry Navarre.—Miss Anna Dickinson began lecturing when she was nineteen or twenty years of age. She is now about thirty-six or seven.